



# *The* **SILENT WORKER**



November 1986  
No. 2

## November's Gift

However flowerless the ways  
Of grim November,  
However dull and dread her days,  
We should remember  
One happy time she sets apart  
For royal living,  
A gift to cheer and each heart—  
It is Thanksgiving!

—Lottie Collefson



### BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

*The first requirement of  
holiday etiquette*

**T**HE use of Christmas Seals is more than the *correct* thing to do. It is the *right* thing to do.

In a few short years, the organized health work of the Tuberculosis Associations has helped to cut the tuberculosis death rate by more than half. This work is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

At the head of your Christmas list, write "Christmas Seals." Buy them. They bring health and happiness to many. Buy Christmas Seals first—and then seal every letter, parcel and holiday Greeting Card with these holiday health seals.



THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES



# *The Silent Worker*

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

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## Deaf Persons of Note



*James W. Howson, Berkeley, California  
Teacher, Writer, Chemist, Realtor*

## Chauncey H. Laughlin's Rise in the Poultry Business

*From Two Settings of Eggs to a \$30,000 Plant. A Worth-while Example of Serious Obstacles Overcome*

By CECELIA KELLY

*of Weekly Journal Staff*

*While preparing a write-up for THE SILENT WORKER of the remarkable success of Mr. Chauncey H. Laughlin in the poultry business, two excellent articles covering essentially the same ground, one by Cecelia Kelly in the Kansas City Weekly Journal, March 25th, and the other by Raymond H. Gilkerson in U. S. Senator Capper's The Kansas Farmer April 10th, have come to hand which I am more than pleased to substitute for any write-up of my own. Mr. Laughlin was educated at the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton, for the last several years has been the efficient foreman-instructor in cabinet making at the Kansas School for the Deaf at Olathe, a prominent member of the Olathe Division of the N. F. S. D. and of the Episcopal Church. He is a member of the Kansas Accredited Hatcheries Association and stands high in business circles in his part of the state. Quite recently he has issued a booklet, profusely illustrated, detailing his work with high egg-record pedigreed leghorns on his Englewood Egg Farm near Olathe. J. H. CLOUD.*



HIS is supposed to be the story of an unusual chicken ranch. It's that and more. It's the story, too, of an unusual man—a man who, by overcoming obstacles that would have thwarted one less resolute, made the ranch possible. The man and the ranch are so interwoven that the story of one must, in the very nature of things, be the story of the other. Moreover, this man has demonstrated the possibilities open to all suburbanites and has set for others a worth-while example of thrifty development.

The man is C. H. Laughlin and his chicken ranch is known as Englewood Egg farm. It is located in the outskirts of Olathe, Kas. The ranch covers three acres. Already 40,000 eggs have been sold from Englewood since the first of this year and 35,000 baby chicks are due soon to peep out of the incubators.

"Some chicken ranch!" the visitor exclaims. And so it is, but wait—the chicken business is only a side issue.

Now for the story:

Mr. Laughlin, who is afflicted with deafness, also mute, is a teacher and teaching, rather than chicken raising, is his main occupation.

### Art in Furniture

In Olathe there is a school where deaf-mute children of the state are taught to make themselves happy, useful citizens in spite of the trick nature has played on them. In this school Mr. Laughlin instructs a class of eighteen boys in cabinet mak-

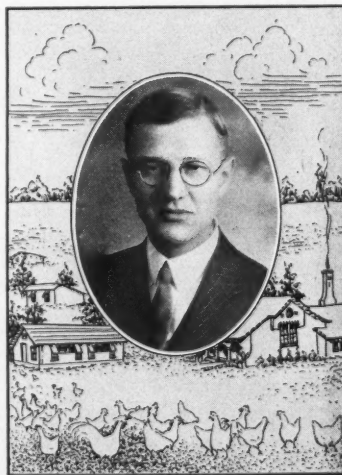
ing—and that does not mean a sort of carpentry, or manual training course but the making of really beautiful furniture. Examples of their work, to be seen in the school are revelations. For instance, one would never suppose that mere boys could have fashioned the dining set that graces the superintendent's room in the school. It looks like very lovely antique stuff, with its warm old-looking colors, low backed chairs, and spiral slender legs.

Mr. Laughlin loves his work. He has imagination, keen observation and a spirit of progressiveness. His instructions are not stale or backwoods, but up-to-the-minute as to vogue, colored always by the latest ideas in the furniture making line. Proof that he is always on the alert for these new ideas is found in the fact that he never goes into Kansas City's shopping district but that, seeing something new in his line, he doesn't make a draft of the chair, table or settee, as the case may be, to bring back and show his boys.

There is a saying that no man can serve two masters, but Mr. Laughlin is, according to Mr.

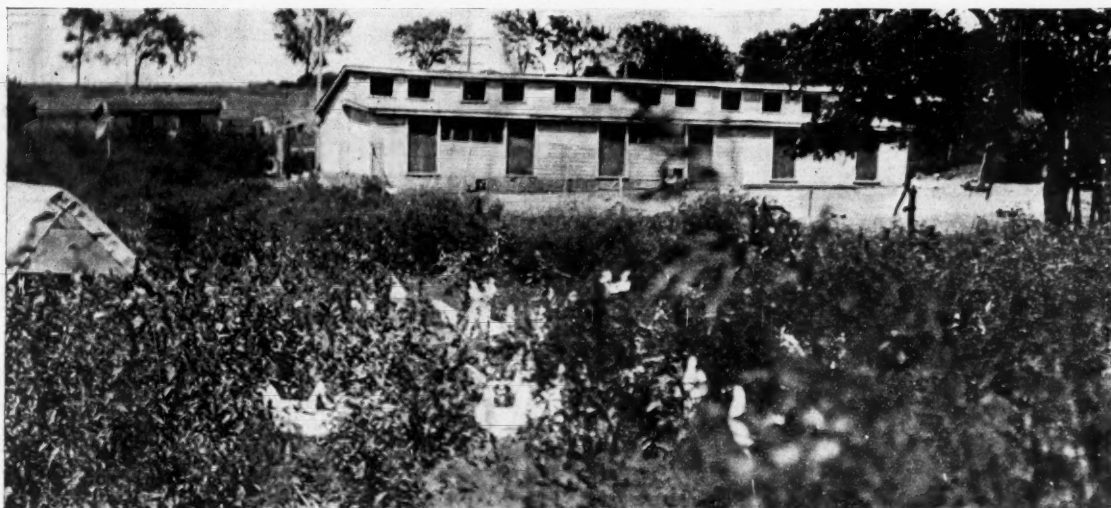
Cloud, superintendent of the school, "one of the best men we have," and facts and figures prove that he is always making marked success of his sideline, or "recreation" as he calls the poultry raising venture.

Five years ago he started with two settings of eggs which he obtained from a breeder of fancy white leghorns. The results of his first attempt were so successful that two years later, having an opportunity to buy several hundred baby chicks at a low figures, he made the purchase. However, this



CHAUNCEY H. LAUGHLIN



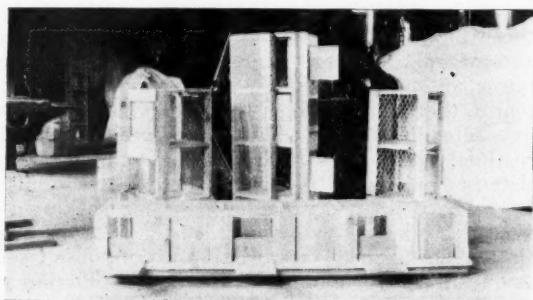


*Scene on Englewood Egg Farm*

experience with these chickens does not make a happy chapter in his life. At that time he had not enough knowledge of the poultry business to understand the importance of pedigree, and so he bought and raised the entire lot merely to have to cull them, in the end. This was a difficult task and a severe loss, but he finally pulled through and began building up his stock again, until now he has several birds whose eggs bring as high as \$35 a setting.

#### Thorough in His Work

And the same quantities of imagination, observation, and progressiveness that he brings to bear in



*A Few Trapnests turned out by the Factory*

the instruction of his class at the school, are the qualities that are making Englewood egg farm a success.

None but the most modern methods suit Mr. Laughlin. He has learned that it pays to take advantage of the other fellow's experience, so he seeks and abides by the advice of experts. In fact to J. B. Peterson, Johnson county farm agent, and J. H. McAdams, of the Kansas State Agricultural college, Manhattan, he gives a great deal of the credit for the successful results he has obtained with his flock. They have helped him every step of the way, he says.

Mr. Laughlin says he believes "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." In consequence his birds are a healthy lot. He has straw loft, open

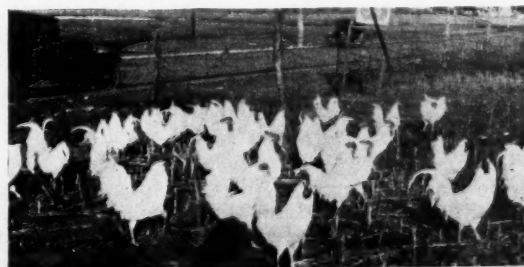
front houses that are warm, yet well ventilated. He doesn't feed his chickens until one o'clock in the afternoon, thus making them scratch for their breakfasts. This provides the exercise that is absolutely essential to their health.

Mr. Laughlin trapnests every hen in his flock 365 days of the year. He keeps a record of the production of each bird, and breeds only from the highest producers, thus continually improving his stock. He also understands the importance of using only the finest male birds for breeding purposes, and considers a really good bird cheap at any price. As an example of this he paid \$100 for a pedigreed cockerel just last week.

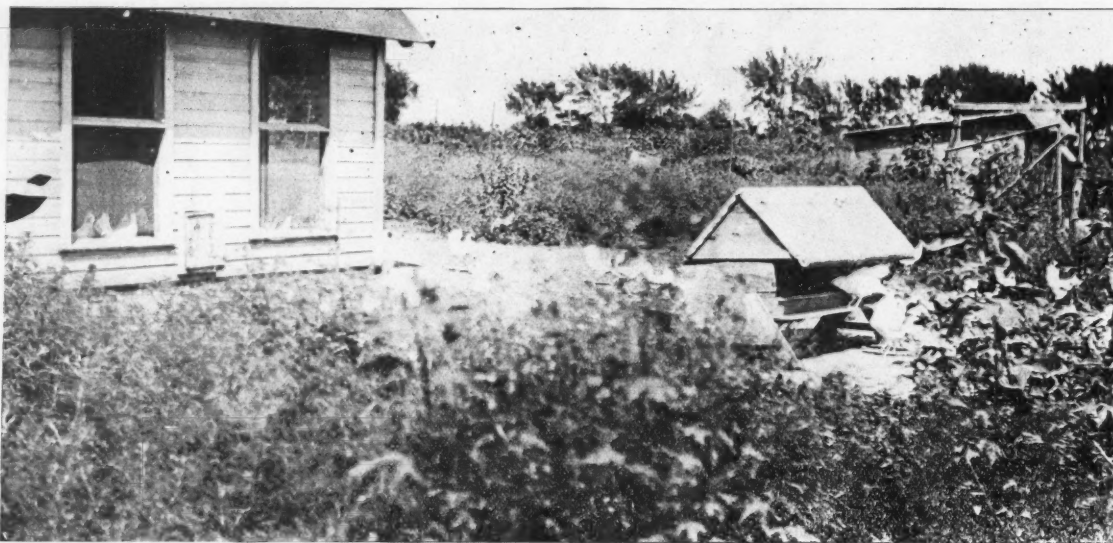
And who says new fangled ideas in farming don't pay? Ask Mr. Laughlin. The public, poultry raising included, has a way of discovering products that have quality. That is the reason that Mr. Laughlin is able to dispose of 35,000 chicks in a season at good prices. That is the reason he has a steady market for the fabulous number of eggs his birds produce. That is the reason his farm is going to be expanded on a large scale in the near future.

#### Expansion is Necessary

At present, Englewood Egg farm covers a three-acre plot of land just outside of Olathe and on the highway. "On the highway" being another indication of Mr. Laughlin's judgment and foresight. The tourists that pass his place by the hundreds



*Some of the Tancred Pullets from 285-330 Egg Pedigreed Hens*



*Growing Stock on Free Range*

furnish a ready market for his surplus supply. For example, the Laughlins sold 185 dozen eggs on a single Sunday afternoon not long ago, to people traversing the highway. But the three-acre tract is beginning to cramp the expanding industry, so that Mr. Laughlin has made the purchase of another tract of ground, thirteen acres this time and it's on the highway, too. Following his policy of seeking advice from the men who make a business of studying poultry raising, he has engaged a man from the extension department of the Kansas State Agricultural college to plan his new farm.

Mention should also be made of Mrs. Laughlin, who has worked right along with Mr. Laughlin, and under the same difficulty, for she is also deaf. While Mrs. Laughlin does not work directly with the chickens, she handles the orders and does the clerical work. And there is a vast amount of detail involved in the keeping of trapnesting records on approximately 1,000 laying hens and pullets.

The Laughlins also have two lovely boys. Chauncey, the older, who is only 9 years old, already makes an able little interpreter for his parents.

And so the story of this man's life as it has thus far progressed is marked by successes threefold, in spite of the difficulty that a great many men would consider insurmountable, and despite the fact that he is not more than 30 years of age—a young man! Yet he has received no outside assistance of a mortal nature. He has carved out his life himself, and left little chaff along the way. Vocation, avocation and family—and succeeding at all three—can mortal man do more?

By RAYMOND H. GILKESON  
*in Kansas Farmer.*

He read the note, considered it for a minute and smiled. Then C. H. Laughlin's face sobered and he busied himself with pencil and paper. Presently he handed the results of his labor across the dining room table emphasizing it with the smile that made his visitor feel welcome, and by a generous nodding of the head. "Sure, I'll be glad to give any informa-

tion I can, if it will help," he had written. "We have nothing at all to conceal." For an hour thereafter the men settled down to writing questions and answers.

"There is so much you feel and know that cannot be written," Mr. Laughlin's expression seemed to reveal. "The planning and working; the hopes—and then the time required to build again where mistakes have been made." He was lost in thought for a few minutes. Probably he didn't know whether to begin with the folks down in Florida, who are paying 65 to 80 cents a dozen for eggs, or with the two settings he bought back in 1914.

Mr. Laughlin has thought a lot, and he has put those thoughts into action. Modern laying houses accommodating 1,000 high-producing White Leghorns, and brooder houses keeping 1,000 baby chicks warm, that could be seen thru the window on his 3 or 4 acres in Johnson county, just outside of Olathe, testified to this. Mr. Laughlin didn't have time to listen to folks say, "It can't be done." He wouldn't have heard them even if he had been seeking that kind of advice. Destiny decreed that C. H. Laughlin should not hear or speak. But he doesn't seem to question why, nor does he accept his affliction as a handicap. Perhaps he thinks more deeply and sees into life a bit more keenly than the rest of us. Regardless, he had the courage to stick to the poultry business until he attained success.

His little venture with two settings of eggs, purchased from a Pennsylvania breeder 12 years ago, has grown until—well, until now the sky seems to be the limit. "Demand forces me to keep on expanding my business," were the words his pencil traced, "and I'm going to broaden out as rapidly as it will pay."

#### Customers in 25 States

For the first two years things went along rather smoothly for Mr. Laughlin. He started in the vicinity of Englewood Station, 8 miles out of Kansas City. He christened his place, together with his hopes, ambitions and air castles, the Englewood Egg Farm, and during the intervening years as his



thoughts and efforts have brought results, that name has developed a cash value. "I couldn't change it now," his pencil dashed off. "It would cost me too much money. I have regular customers in at least 25 states who would be confused by a change of the name, and you know what that would do."

With two years of success back of him, Mr. Laughlin thought maybe he could experiment with the poultry business a little. He wondered whether it wouldn't do just as well to buy several hundred chicks at lower prices than he had to pay for the purebred birds he owned. He couldn't decide without making the trial, so he did. He tempted fate, and, of course, fate fell. "Two years later," he wrote, "after a hard up-hill struggle, I finally got rid of all the birds bred from poor laying stock and replaced them with the best blood I could find. From that time we have been trapnesting and pedigreeing our production by means of line breeding."

Careful records verify the statement that the flock

pictures, he felt a tug on his coat sleeve. Sonny formed a few letters with pudgy little fingers, and as he spelled out his big idea in the sign language, the visitor got an inkling of what it was all about from the happy baby talk that accompanied the motions of the active little hand. A smile and a nod from daddy, a baby chuckle, and all was well.

While the search for pictures was in progress, Sonny overcame his bashfulness enough to start a conversation with the man who didn't live there. He explained about the toy auto truck he had in tow, and about Buddy and other important things. Buddy, by the way, is the 11-year old son who also can talk and hear like other boys. He has a pretty important part in the poultry business, too. One Sunday afternoon, for example, he sold 185 dozen eggs to folks who motored out to the Englewood Egg Farm, which borders a concrete highway.

Finally the pictures were located, but only after an appeal had been made to the only person who



*Awards Received by Mr. Laughlin*

has improved steadily. The page showing receipts from year to year reads like this: 1920, 145 hens, \$800; 1921, 175 hens, \$1,200; 1922, 200 hens, \$2,000; 1923, 800 hens, \$4,161.61; 1924, 500 hens, \$4,234.78; 1925, 800 hens, \$6,598.08.

This year Mr. Laughlin is keeping 1,000 layers, and judging from the way they have started out, the record for 1926 will be better in proportion than any other year.

It's unreasonable for two men to sit at a dining room table and write, and not pay any attention to a 3-year-old boy. Anyway, that was what the youngest member of the Laughlin family thought. Just as his daddy decided to make a search for some

knows everything about the home. Mrs. Laughlin knew right where they were, and got them. She also must use the sign language.

Presently Mr. Laughlin got back to answer more of the questions his visitor had thought up. Average egg production of his flock is 185 eggs to the hen, but he has some individuals that go over the 300-egg mark. "I keep all birds that lay 200 eggs or better possible," he wrote. "These are held for breeding purpose. I also keep a few extra good birds that produce as low as 170 eggs. A \$100 cockerel recently has been added to the flock to help-keep up production records.

"Every bird on the place is trapnested, and that

accounts for much of our success. It is necessary to know which hens are good layers and which are not, and the trapnest remains the only practical method of determining this. A bird must lay 100 eggs a year to pay for her feed, room and care. Trapnesting costs approximately \$1 a year to the hen.

"This and culling and pedigreeing are just matters of honest, hard work. It often proves disappointing, because a few of the offspring from the best layers never make high records. The Leghorns are very peculiar birds. They will not lay well if they are not properly housed, fed and managed. We like 4 to 4½ pound hens best for layers."

At the end of every year all the high producing hens are sorted according to their egg records, and put in separate breeding pens. Hatching eggs gathered from these matings are examined for color, size and shape. Those that meet Laughlin's requirements are kept or shipped out to customers for hatching purposes. Other eggs are sold for food locally or to special markets. All the chicks are toe-marked, and leg and wing banded so they can easily be identified for further systematic breeding.

Mr. Laughlin is very particular about egg records. No floor eggs are counted. Pedigrees run back year to year, and these records are kept in the "key" book. The dates pedigreed birds are hatched, and information about their ancestry are recorded. When the pullet lays her first eggs, her leg band is put on, and later she is subject to a rigid inspection for color, vigor, egg capacity and trueness to type. Size of eggs laid by pullets, leg band, number of dams and the number of the mating they were in are recorded. This careful pedigreeing applies to every bird. It is little wonder that Mr. Laughlin can tell his customers what birds they buy from will do, or what they may expect from baby chicks he sells or from hatching eggs he supplies.

#### Size of Egg Important

"Most folks don't understand what systematic breeding effort will do," one of Laughlin's notations read. "It costs considerable money to handle the work scientifically, but we have been getting wonderful results. Our margin of profit above costs runs from \$3 to \$5 on a hen for the year. You can get off on the wrong foot in breeding. First thing you know you will have a high egg production, but the eggs will be small. The hen producing undersized eggs, even when in large numbers, is to a large extent wasting her effort and feed. The size of the egg a hen lays is as important as the number she produces. The number of marketable eggs a hen lays indicates her value as a breeder. The shape and color, no less than the size, are important egg characteristics. To breed for size, select eggs come up to the proper standard in weight, discarding eggs that are too large as well as those not large enough. We attempt to select eggs that weigh 24 to 27 ounces to the dozen, and incubate none that fall below that standard.

"One of the best ways to increase the average egg production of a flock is by using an extra good male. The statement that the male bird is half the pen never was more important than it is today. The male should be out of a hen with 250 or more eggs a year to her credit. Breeding experiments show that the high producing hens transmit this high production quality to their male offspring rather

than to their pullets. The cockerel, in turn, transmits egg-laying qualities to his pullets."

There is quality in Laughlin's layers, backed by good blood lines, and he works to bring out the best that is in them. Up-to-date housing, an abundant supply of green feed, such as germinated oats, cabbage, beets, and good range when possible; and a good laying mash enter into this. The laying pullets are fed a clean grain ration in this proportion: 100 pounds cracked corn, 100 pounds wheat, and 50 pounds heavy white oats. The laying ration that has been found most successful consists of 100 pounds bran, 100 pounds corn chop, 100 pounds pulverized oats, 100 pounds fine alfalfa meal, 100 pounds middlings, 75 pounds beef scrap, 35 pounds dried buttermilk, 5 pounds fine charcoal, 3 pounds fine salt and 30 pounds of minerals. This mash is before them all the time, and a scratch feed, 1 pint to 10 birds of a morning, and 1½ pints to 10 birds every evening, also is fed. Grit, charcoal and oyster shell are before the birds at all times.

Last year Mr. Laughlin sold 24,000 baby chicks for 15 cents to \$1.50 apiece. This year he intends to sell 35,000. He is setting about 3,200 eggs a week, and shipping 2,000 chicks. He has incubator capacity for 10,000 eggs. His market is national in scope. Chicks and eggs go to regular customers in 25 states every year, and as each new season rolls around customers are found in other states. Thru the winter he has been shipping eggs to Florida for which he received from 65 to 80 cents a dozen.

Quotations on eggs and chicks are based on production as indicated by daily trapnesting records. Hatching eggs sell at \$7 to \$15 a hundred in large lots, with the best at \$35 a setting. Breeding hens and cockerels bring from \$5 to \$25.

Baby chicks get every care. The floor of each brooder house is covered with about 2 inches of coarse sand, and chaff is sprinkled over this. Whenever possible chicks get out of doors when 4 to 5 days old. They are kept busy and not allowed to be crowded for room. Up to 5 days all the chicks get buttermilk and a little mash. After that they get a scratch feed, three times a day, but they are kept just a little hungry. Mr. Laughlin recommends the following mixture: 30 pounds bran, 40 pounds cornmeal, 40 pounds middlings, 1 pound salt, 40 pounds rolled oats, 10 pounds bonemeal, and 5 pounds dried buttermilk. Chicks from 3 weeks old to maturity get a different ration. This mash contains 60 pounds bran, 20 pounds middlings, 20 pounds pulverized oats, 20 pounds oilmeal, 20 pounds cornmeal, 20 pounds gluten feed, 20 pounds meat scrap, 20 pounds dried buttermilk and 6 pounds of minerals.

"I've done nothing that cannot be duplicated on a good many Kansas farms." Mr. Laughlin wanted his visitor to know. He brought up again that his idea is to continue expanding in the business. The place he has had isn't large enough for further growth, so recently he purchased 12½ acres a road from Olathe. There he expects to build a model poultry farm this year. The investment, including improvements will total \$30,000.

#### PROOF ENOUGH

Housewife: You say you worked for the Twillers. Can you prove that?

New Maid: Well, mum, I can show you some spoons an' things with their initials.—*The Progressive Grocer.*





# WASHINGTON-1926 N.A.D. CONVENTION

By J. A. Sullivan

**T**HE BEAUTY and splendor of the ball room of the New Willard Hotel, patronized exclusively by the wealth and aristocracy of Washington during the winter season, but used temporarily as a roof garden during the hot summer months, was revived on the evening of August the ninth when the National Association of the Deaf opened the first session of its Fifteenth Triennial Convention in a very interesting and inspiring manner.

Rev. A. Bryant, a veteran of many conventions, pronounced the invocation; Mrs. Anna McGann of Illinois "sang" in beautiful signs, "The Star Spangled Banner;" Dr. Fox delivered the Convention Prelude; W. E. Marshall, Chairman of the Local Committee extended a warm welcome to all and then was followed in order by Dr. Hall, President of Gallaudet College, Major W. E. Covell, Assistant Engineer of the District and by H. E. Hull, Commissioner of Immigration. Rev. Lorraine Tracy of Louisiana, with an abundant sense of humor, immediately won the hearts of the audience as he spoke during his Address of Response humorously of the heat. Michael Lapides of Conn., the youngest of all speakers and guests on the platform made a very favorable impression as he delivered his response in clear and dignified signs. As the speakers one by one came to the platform, a flashlight was immediately focused on them permitting their signs and finger spelling to be seen very clearly, something new which was never done before at other conventions. To bring the opening meeting to a graceful climax, Miss Geraldine Gibbons, a well known Chicago beauty, came from the rear of the hall up to the platform where in full view of the audience, she presented a bouquet of flowers to President Roberts as a token of esteem from the Association. The moment Roberts lifted his gavel and let it fall gently on the table (unnecessary though for none in the audience could hear it) and declared the meeting adjourned, thus was brought to close a meeting held under conditions unparalleled—the wondrous beauty of the ballroom, the great crowd present and the excellence of the program.

While the crowd was lining up to shake hands with the great and near great who had occupied seats on the platform during that momentous evening, the Committee aided by a lot of volunteers were busy pushing the chairs to the wall. This done, then there was a lot of wide space for the dance that was to follow. The orchestra leader raised his baton and gave the signal; men with great lung power then started to blow volumes of air thru their coronets—a pretty sight to look at, men with balloon cheeks and faces as red as tomatoes—; the big bass drum boomed and like rolling thunder the vibrations soon spread to all on the floor. Simultaneously, men and women denied the pleasure of hearing voices and the songs of birds but still retaining the love and charm of music in their souls fell in and soon all over the floor there was a happy crowd of men and women both old and young dancing to the tune of the music.

There were those poetically and artistically inclined

who chose to sit on the gold gilded chairs with its soft cushions and silently watch the dancing—a pretty sight to look at—and to admire the beautiful setting of the ball room. Hanging overhead were large chandeliers, a mass of sparkling and dazzling cut glass. Parted gracefully from the windows were silk white curtains looking like canopies. On the walls were electric lights in the form of white candles reflecting their light on small chandeliers just below them. That ball room was indeed a miniature of the Halls of Versailles with its countless mirrors, sparking chandeliers, beautiful curtains; and no wonder it is the place where dukes, ambassadors and beautiful women gather once in a while to laugh and to dance and give the onlooker the impression he is in the ballroom of a king's palace.

When the convention opened at ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, there were only a few present. The lobby of the hotel was still thronged with a crowd busy meeting friends and making new acquaintances and so delighted did they find such an experience that many of them lingered when word was passed around that the meeting of the convention was to be held in the small ballroom on the tenth floor. To say that many received the news enthusiastically and made a rush for the elevators, to be among the first few to occupy the front seats, would be a departure from the truth. As a matter of fact, they just stayed in the lobby and talked and talked. When there were no more news to talk about, then they set out to visit Washington. Most of them had been looking forward to that convention for three years, had saved as much as they could, had come from long distances, and when they were at last in Washington they were determined to go sight-seeing and to take in all the entertainments the local committee had to offer, and they certainly made the best of their time. So the tedious and laborious task of attending most of the meetings were, therefore, left to the high-brows. It would be almost correct to say that only ten or fifteen percent of the people, though many of them were members of the association, really attended any of the meetings, a fact which had happened at previous conventions, and undoubtedly will occur again at future conventions, and to explain the why and wherefores of such would be too difficult for us, so we had better leave it to men better qualified than ourselves—the psychologists or, better, to the alienists.

After the invocation, Mrs. R. L. Cave, of South Carolina, with much patriotic feeling signed "America." Much of the time was given to listening to Officers and committee's reports, which proved uninteresting to many, and no wonder many chairs were empty, but when President Roberts started to give his address, which was the most important feature of the program, the chairs were again occupied. Then, in an interesting manner, Roberts reviewed the work the Association had done during the past three years—the magnitude of its undertaking, the growth in responsibility and the success of accomplishment.

According to the program, the afternoon was to be spent on a sightseeing tour, with stops at the White

House (No stop was made there as the White House was swarmed with carpenters, painters and decorators who were getting it into condition before Coolidge's return in the fall) and at the Lincoln Memorial. Promptly at one o'clock nearly twenty-five buses were lined up in front of the hotel and immediately there was a rush for the seats. In each bus there was a person, male or female, a resident of Washington and with a general knowledge of the location of important places and with sufficient mental caliber to explain their history. The buses passed, in order, the U. S. Treasury, the White House, the park in front of the White House, and then headed in the direction of the Northwest section of the city, where the stately residences of statesmen and financiers fabulously rich were pointed out. The statues in the parks and foreign embassies were objects of great interest.

Then turning back, the buses went thru Potomac Park and stopped in front of the Lincoln Memorial. All paused on the front steps while the Rev. F. C. Smielau, noted for his powers of oratory via signs delivered "The Gettysburg Address" in clear and forceful signs. That over, all then went further up the steps and then walked inside the Memorial. Looking up they saw the colossal figure of Lincoln reclining in a chair in a thinking mood. So deeply impressive were the surroundings that one felt he was in a temple and then took his hat off out of respect. On the walls in gold letters were written Lincoln's Gettysburg address and his inauguration address after he was re-elected to the presidency. The Memorial was a great monument to Lincoln who steered the nation thru the perils of a terrible civil war. Every one came away with the vivid remembrance of its beauty, grace and simplicity!

Before the party returned to the buses, they had their picture taken on the steps by three or four photographers who were trying to outbid each other in the price of a photograph that was to be sold. On the return trip, the buses passed by the Washington Monument, the Peace Monument, the Botanical Gardens where a statue of Grant stands, the Capitol, the Congressional Library, and then up Penn Ave. where they finally halted in front of the hotel. In the evening, guided by friends or residents of the city, groups went to visit the Congressional Library and the Capitol. There is no building so colorful in its surroundings at night as the Congressional Library when it is brilliantly lighted, and it is indeed a pretty sight to look around. The most important and interesting part of the building was the ceiling on which could be read the letters "Gallaudet" in a family of educators, philosophers and scientists. It was in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who every deaf child knows founded the first school for the deaf in Hartford. Others went to visit the Capitol and wandered around as they pleased without any guides bothering them for a quarter, which many simple minded tourists hand over without a murmur.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. McGann recited beautifully, "Yankee Doodle." Prof. Hughes, of Gallaudet, "A Deaf Man's View of the Trend of Education for the Deaf." He deplored the tendency of the deaf to be clannish and said it would be better for the deaf to mingle with the hearing people more, or in other words scatter to the four winds and show them what they can do. His paper was then the subject of a discussion among a few mostly interested in education.

All scanned their N. A. D. program books to see what the local committee had planned for them in the afternoon and they found that a trip was to be made to Mt.

Vernon. All were given the choice of travelling by boat, trolley or by bus. It seems the great majority went by the boat route to be in the path of the cooling sea breezes. By forenoon, the lobby of Hotel Williard was nearly deserted, for it seems every one was now on the way to Mt. Vernon, the pilgrimage of thousands of tourists every summer, a place they would not miss for anything in the world. Washington's tomb was visited immediately after all had alighted from the boat, and after a brief address, a wreath of flowers was placed on his grave.

Washington's home, considered to be one of the finest buildings during the colonial times, for Washington was looked on as one of the wealthiest men at that time, was found to be in a wonderful state of preservation. All the rooms were visited and the room which attracted the most attention was the one in which Washington died. The furniture lying around were the same on which his eyes rested before he closed them forever. Much interest was also shown in the room which Lafayette occupied during his visits to Mt. Vernon. Another object of interest was the coach in which Washington and his wife rode to attend church in Alexandria nearly ten miles away. In other buildings could be seen the kitchen with its utensils; many relics such as Washington's sword, uniform, shirts, buttons, gun, opera glass, watch and many other things; spinning wheels; greenhouse with its implements and, in fact, many other things worth seeing.

After all had spent nearly an hour visiting the place, a photographer showed up to take another picture. It required heroic efforts on the part of the local committee to coax or to plead with everybody to come out and have their picture taken. Not very many were very anxious to face the camera, for it would mean standing up in the glare of the sun which had been beating down on them mercilessly all afternoon. The photographer had to place his camera on top of a ladder, for the crowd was standing on a hill, the only place available. Most of those present preferred to remain in the shade and to greatly admire the venturesome few's nerve in risking sunstroke just to have their picture taken.

In the evening, moving pictures of scenes taken on battlefields in France and Germany, were shown in the New National Museum, only three blocks away from the hotel. Many went there thinking they were going to see war pictures of only a tame nature, but were evidently greatly surprised to see real war pictures actually taken while the battles were raging. A picture was shown of a German airplane circling around the allies' observation balloon to try and set fire to the gas bag by sending up shells to serve as a smoke screen. However, the German succeeded in setting fire to the balloon, but his airplane was hit by the accurate fire of the gunners and then it could be seen turning and turning on its downward path, the pilot miraculously escaping death. Other pictures were shown of the allied troops going over the top, while the guns sent shell after shell into the enemy's territory demolishing houses, churches and, in fact, laid waste the town. The soldiers could be seen falling down and the stretcher bearers, doctors and nurses hurrying in their direction. Another picture showed the soldiers hurriedly putting on their gas masks to withstand the enemy's gas attack. Evidently the camera man was taking pictures at the risk of his life, for he ventured near the firing line.

Then other pictures were shown of the late Dr. Hotchkiss telling of his school days at the Hartford school. Dr. McGregor told a funny story to illustrate how the value of pure oralism is greatly exaggerated and



then pictures were shown of the unveiling of the replica of the Gallaudet statue last September, on the grounds of the American School in West Hartford, Conn.

Old Sol's rays, which had been beating down on the backs of every one in Washington since Sunday, seemed to grow in intensity day after day. What was worse, the air was saturated with humidity. It was so hot in the ballroom on Monday evening that men's shirts and women's expensive gowns were soaking wet. Record breaking trips were then made to the booth where delightful punch was served. It was hotter on Tuesday. The heat was the kind that caused beads of perspiration to appear on your forehead after you had walked a block, and it was also the kind that caused you to sweat profusely after you had explained in a solicitous way to a hayseed how to find the way to the Capitol. The Washington papers announced in black lines on the front page that Washington was declared by the weather experts to be the hottest city in the East and it made one who read it exclaim, "Oh, my, isn't it terrible news," and then collapse on the sidewalk. Those who came from southern states—Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas—supposed to be very hot, declared that never before in their lives had they experienced such torrid weather as that of Washington. Strange to say, those who had openly vowed that should they find the heat too oppressive, they would cut short their stay, just remained and said they would try to grin and bear it. Evidently they had found the entertainments planned for them too alluring to stay away from. It was a common sight to see the men going coatless with their shirts wide at the front, and the women to be mopping their faces with handkerchiefs every few minutes. The heat during that week was to express in a few words—terrible and unendurable.

So when every one read in the program book handed out free with a badge the minute they had paid their dues to the N. A. D., that all day Thursday was to be spent on Kendall Green under shady trees, they were overjoyed. Early in the morning there was an exodus from Hotel Willard. At half past nine, the time of the opening of the meeting in the chapel of Gallaudet College, not one chair was vacant, so the committeemen were kept busy going after more chairs. After the invocation, Miss Velma Brassell, a sweet little lady from Louisiana and who will martellate in Gallaudet's freshman class next fall, came up to the platform and facing the audience calmly recited beautifully, "The Halls of Gallaudet." When she returned to her chair, several women almost hugged her for the splendid way she acted for her sex. Then Dr. Hall, looking every inch a college president, delivered a very scholarly and brilliant address, while Prof. Hughes, standing nearby, to the best of his vocal ability interpreted in a voice which could be heard by those standing in the rear. So great an impression did Dr. Hall's address make on all that an unanimous resolution was passed to give it wide publicity.

When the audience was beginning to feel restless, due to the heat, Rev. J. H. Kent came forward and gave a very interesting lecture on the subject, "The British Deaf." So humorously did he deliver his lecture that everybody was kept laughing and forgot all about the heat. He had, indeed, a remarkable memory for he said the Lord's prayer by the English's double handed alphabet. He also described in a funny way so unintentionally how much different our signs are from the English. Though he told us that we are more fortunate in higher education, social advantages and working conditions, he wanted us to know that there are quite a

number of intelligent deaf men and women over there who are always taking an active part in any movement for the betterment of their own people. So interestingly did he deliver his lecture that every one "listened" attentively from the beginning to the end, and when it was finally over, he was given a tremendous ovation. The crowd repaired to the Gallaudet statue after the meeting, where President Roberts spoke words of gratitude for his labors among the deaf, and then a wreath was placed at the base of the statue.

When it was announced that refreshments would be served in the boys' dining room, then there was a rush for that place. Soon there was a long line stretching back as far as the president's office. Though the line moved slowly everybody was in good humor and made funny remarks about the heat. The committee handed out sandwiches, doughnuts, pies, cake, ice-cream and soda drinks as fast as the crowd filed by. Most of the crowd went to the chapel where they used the chairs as tables. Others sought shady places under the trees on the campus and had a picnic of their own. A booth was set up near the girls' side and the committee did a flourishing business. Pretty soon all the soft drinks were sold out and one of the men then got into a car and set out to bring more.

The swimming pool in the college gymnasium was thrown wide open for all the men who were suffering from the heat. It was just a simple matter for one to say, "V" on his fingers and all got into the ranks and then marched to the pool. It would be of course none of our business to inquire whether the men donned bathing suits or not, but suffice to say a man was placed on guard near the door so should a woman innocently wander into the gymnasium she would be gently "shooed" away.

Different kinds of games were played on the campus for the benefit of boys and girls who want to test their muscles which were once used to bring athletic glory to their college or schools. The single men beat the married men in a tug of war. Not satisfied with the result, the married men challenged the single men to another match and again the unmarried ones won. Still believing they possessed reserve strength, the benedicts for the third time challenged the single men to another match and, though it may bring tears to your eyes, the married men were so hopelessly beaten that they looked foolish and retired into their kennels and did not come out until after dark. There were fifty-yard and one hundred-yard dashes for the boys and girls and handsome prizes were given to the winners.

Many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the college grounds and buildings, guided by former students or graduates of the college. Many showed particular interest in the girls' dormitory. Those who were farmers to the manner born hastened to pay a visit to the college farm, situated far back in the rear near the woods, and the cows, pigs and hens going about their business were considerably annoyed by the close scrutiny of the rubber necks and breathed a sigh of relief when they finally left after lingering around nearly all afternoon.

Again the irresistible photographer showed up, but this time every one welcomed him like an old friend, for who could object to having a picture taken under shady trees. It seems the events during the day had put everybody in good humor. The program in the morning was excellent; the eats were great; the athletic games gave many the opportunity to test their strength and youth; the beautiful grounds over which they roamed and no wonder all went away satisfied. Before the clock on the ivy covered tower pointed to six o'clock many had departed to get into readiness for the banquet which was to be

held at eight o'clock in the small ballroom of Hotel Willard.

The men who braved the expense of a banquet with their lady bountiful certainly got their money's worth, for the menu printed in French and Italian tasted delicious to the palate as the food served in the first class dining room aboard the steamship Leviathan; and the speeches that followed were very interesting and witty. The speakers with the guests of honor occupied prominent places on a very long table on the platform and heroically stood the stares and comments of the three hundred men and women below. The waiters looking very dignified in their dress suits and white gloves moved around noiselessly as sleek cats, passing food along from silver platters, which made everybody feel like a million dollars. Harley Drake as toastmaster hit the bull's eye, to speak, when it came to introducing the speakers with appropriate remarks. The list of speakers were long and it would cause the reader to fall asleep to read them, so for your own benefit the menu and the list of speakers are printed elsewhere in this magazine and those who have the time to scrutinize them closely will admit that the committee pondered all the night long to select the speakers in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. Toward the close of the program, Messrs. Scott and Rose donned burlesque costumes, the former as a drunkard and the latter as a sweet country milkmaid and both then tried to sing at the same time, "Coming thru the Rye," which was so amusing and so farcical that it brought down the house. To bring the evening to a graceful climax, Mrs. Ruth Nanney Reed, a bride of only two months, dressed up like a bewitching Scotch lassie, signed with much feeling, "Auld Lang Syne" and then the banquet, one of the greatest ever held at a N. A. D. Convention, passed into history.

Marcus L. Kenner, a member of the Program Committee had a paper ready when the convention opened Friday morning. Its subject was, "Are the Deaf Prepared Industrially to Take Their Places in Life." One good look at Mr. Kenner just before he started to speak was enough to convince everybody that he meant business. He wanted to know why couldn't the deaf workers earn as much as fifty or sixty dollars a week as the hearing men who are doing the same work. Is it because the instructors of trades in schools for the deaf either sleep or loaf on the job, so when the boys leave they are inefficient or, in other words, they are not sufficiently trained in the fine points of their trade? At once there were several men on their feet at the close of the reading demanding recognition. They were mostly teachers of printing or carpentry at their schools and were simply rushing to the defense of their schools. They explained that most of the boys who failed to make good in their trade were those who should never be given the opportunity to learn that trade, for they showed no aptitude for it and were merely learning it for the sake of the large wages it would bring. Others explained that their schools suffered from lack of equipment due to the insufficient support from the state, and denied vehemently with bloodshot eyes that they never for a moment loafed on the job. Here is hoping that the Superintendents will learn the names of these teachers and give them a raise in salaries for their loyalty.

A trip was made that afternoon to the National Arlington Cemetery. Because of the intense heat not very many were present when Mrs. Fred A. Moore, of Trenton, N.J., stood before the tomb of the Unknown soldier and very totingly recited "In Flanders Fields." That beautiful song brought tears to the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill, of Pittsburg, for it brought to memory of their

son who fell on the battlefield during the World War. One old lady nearly seventy years old fainted, but was soon revived and taken home. After visiting the amphitheatre, the memorial in honor of the sailors who went down with the battleship Maine, and then walking thru the cemetery, the small crowd got into the buses and then began the journey back to the hotel.

The National Fraternal Society's great conclave was held in the City Club in the evening. The writer was there and would like to relate what happened there, but fears if he does, that he will be "tarred and feathered" and then chased out of town. The Gallaudet girls' secret society the "O. W. L. S.," also had a meeting of their own. The next morning, a young man with an assumed air of innocence addressed a member of that society, "Fair lady, there is a rumor going around that last night at the O. W. L. S. meeting there was a lot of screeching and wailing even past the midnight hour, so on complaint of the neighbors, the police had to enter the meeting to restore the dignity and tranquility of the neighborhood." Fortunately he had the presence of mind to beat it before that lady could use her umbrella. Those who belonged to neither the Frats nor the Owls had an entertainment of their own in the Northeast Masonic Temple. During that evening a shower fell, followed by cool weather, to the great relief of many who were on the point of collapsing from the heat.

Just as the shows have their intermissions when the men go out in the lobby to smoke and the ladies to meet their friends and chat about the latest gossip, so let us pause in this write-up of the convention and read the Who's Who, or interesting characters who showed up in Washington during the week. Jimmy Meagher, a live wire, was always on the go every minute. Every morning he could be seen at a small table just below the platform scribbling with his busy pen what was going on during the meeting. With unlighted cigar sticking in his mouth and pencil behind his ear, he looked every inch an editor. He made himself very useful by informing reporters of different papers just what was happening and very often he made witty remarks. Miss Mary Crump, the Florida beauty, the center of every eye wherever she appeared, changed her dress so often that one young man was willing to wager that she had brought as many as twenty dresses in her trunk. An enterprising reporter, struck by her beauty, soon had an illuminated idea. With the help of Jimmy Meagher, a couple of beauties were rounded up, and then were brought to the roof of the hotel where they had their picture taken. The next day their picture appeared in all the papers with the heading, "Heroines of Silence."

Jay Cooke Howard and Michael Lapides almost looked alike and they were frequently mistaken for the other. Any stranger seeing them sitting side by side would think they were father and son. Mr. Schaub, of St. Louis, showed splendid specimens of his salesmanship as he stood on the platform, a massive bulk towering six feet, with tortoise shell glasses looking like a lawyer, and earned for himself the N.A.D.'s star salesman. Mutt Fancher, of Jacksonville, Ill., who many will remember as the instructor of the band at Atlanta three years ago, seemed lost without his band. He could not get over it and frequently came over to the writer who lent a sympathetic ear and said, "If the band was only here, everything would be more lively. The music would help everybody to forget the heat." He was a sorrowful man all the week. Will some one kindly send him a letter of sympathy. President Anderson of the Frats showed he was a good fellow for he was "chummy" with everyone and made many more friends. W. E. Marshall looked more like the promoter of a prize fighter while wearing his

"Boiled shirt" at the reception Monday evening than as Chairman of the Local Committee. But in fact he was really a good chairman for he worked hard. Who ever saw him loafing on the job? Dr. Fox, Dr. Olof Hansen and Jay Cooke Howard, former presidents of the N. A. D., like three "Old War Horses," attended all the meetings and arose at the opportune moment whenever it was possible to give the younger generation the benefit of their experience.

Saturday morning, the closing day of the convention, found the audience larger than usual, for important business was to be transacted and election of officers to take place. Mr. Lapidès presented the long list of Resolutions drawn up by a committee, of which he was the chairman, and all were passed. Then the election of officers took place. As predicted, President Roberts was reelected by acclamation. So was Fred Moore, the Secretary and treasurer, who had rendered faithful and efficient service during the past three years. Mr. Kenner, of New York, and Miss Clara Belle Rogers, of South Carolina, were elected first and second vice-president respectively, Michael Lapidès, of Connecticut, William Schaub, of St. Louis, Mo., and Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, Wash., were elected board members. At the conclusion of the election of officers, President Roberts was presented with a traveling bag as a gift from his many friends. Soon after that, Miss Doris Ballance, of New York, came forward and in beautiful and graceful signs recited "Home, Sweet Home." Rev. Merrill, of New York, pronounced benediction and then the convention was over.

In the afternoon, the committee circulated among the crowd in the lobby and offered them the choice of taking a trip to Chesapeake Beach where they could go sea bathing and where they could enjoy themselves at several places of amusement, or going to Great Falls, Va., where they could have a grand view of the falls of the Potomac river and where they could hire either a boat or a canoe. It seemed the greater number went to Chesapeake Beach. Late in the afternoon, a heavy shower came and those who remained at the hotel because it was cooler than outside, wondered how could their friends come home in the rain without umbrellas or raincoats.

While most of the people who attended the convention came from states east of the Mississippi, there were some who came from long distances, such as Seattle, San Francisco and Sulphur, Oklahoma. A young man as tall and as lanky as Abraham Lincoln came all the way from Cuba; a young couple motored all the way from Toronto, Canada, and two pretty girls braved the journey from Iowa. A large number came from St. Louis and Chicago on special trains. Automobiles rolled up in front of the hotel entrance showing the plates of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and other states. Many had come from the mountains, the farms, villages and cities of the Middle Atlantic states and even from New England, particularly the state of Connecticut, where blue laws are still enforced and where still reside a lot of thick headed Yankees. No one knows the exact number of people who attended; some place the estimate as near as eight hundred, but the "Big Guns" tell us that it was near a thousand and perhaps more.

Before the writer lays aside his pen and thus complete his humble task as the chronicler of the convention, he wants every deaf person in the United States to know that it was, indeed, a great convention and that much credit is due to every member of the Local Committee of Washington who labored all day and ever far into the

night to make it a success. The weather was terribly hot; their shirts were soaking wet; they reached home late and had to get up early; they had little time to meet their old friends; they even had little time to take part in the entertainments and for these sacrifices and for their patience, tact and unfailing kindness they deserve the praise and thanks of all who attended the convention. As the years roll on, more conventions will be held; they will try to surpass the other in the matter of entertainments and innumerable courtesies rendered, but one thing is certain and it is that the people will never forget the splendid time they had at the N. A. D. Convention in Washington, made possible by the untiring efforts of the Local Committee.

#### NOW FOR AN ODD-FELLOW AND PLUMBER

A man who went to register just before election was asked his trade. "Mason and builder," he replied.

The next man in line was an old Irishman. When the question was put to him he said: "Knight of Columbus and bricklayer." — *The Christian Register*.

Mother: "Come here Johnny, I have some good news for you."

Johnnie (without enthusiasm) "Yes, I know, brother is home from college."

Mother: Yes, but how did you know?

Johnnie: "My bank won't rattle any more."



*The Witch-Tree—Fourth Lake, N. Y.  
This tree was struck by lightning and burned to  
the likeness of a witch before fire died out.  
By Nettie S. Clemens, Herkimer, N. Y.*





# National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



By James Frederick Meagher

## RE-OPENED FOR BUSINESS

**B**ACK at the same old stand, after being closed four months for repairs and alterations. Just returned from Washington, Philadelphia, Kokomo, Kankakee and other large metropoli, with a brand-new line of bunk; also a complete stock of ladies' and gents' seasonable jokes and wheezes. Broadcasting Station Me (agher) intends to operate on a cash-and-carry basis for the next nine months, with a full and fresh assortment of prose, puns, and punk poetry—mostly secured in the Eastern markets. Our "NADIO" station reopens with panels, dials, switches, sockets, rheostats, condensers, transformers, panel shields, resistances, micadons, antenna, lead-in and ground wires, tubes, batteries, aerials and microphone all overhauled and guaranteed in strictly second-class condition. Pick up this SILENT WORKER, sit down by your high-power long-distance super-iodyne 18-tube set, and stand-by to listen-in. Hoping to please all old customers, and welcome many new ones, permit this announcer to sign himself (since the smallest men always have the longest names.

MISTER JAMES FREDERICK MEAGHER, ESQ.

## GLAD GREETINGS—OR WHAT HAVE YOU



SISS, ZIPP, ZAMM! On the air again, and glad to gaze into the receiving-set of your kindly, twinkling eyes. Yep, it's I, me, myself (in person), gazing tantalizingly up at you from the prim print of this SILENT WORKER. Taking found familiari-

ties by proxy, which you would never tolerate in person. Great are the privileges of the press. One lad stuffs me into his pocket and Rolls Royces me down to call on his best girl, where—by proxy—I witness finger-courtship and fond familiarities such as never fell to my sad lot. Another lad lugs me down to the bunch at the pool parlor—some live bunch. Many dainty damsels (who never even deigned to notice me in the flesh) admit me to the intimacy of their silken boudoirs, where a box of bonbons help me afford them an instructive and interesting evening—all by proxy, please remember. It's a great thing to be allied with the SILENT WORKER, and enjoy such priceless privileges. I travel—see the world—met lots of interesting people (YOURSELF for example.)

And what a wonderful bunch of fine fellows comprises the SILENT WORKER family! Far-flung battallions of reavenous readers. Men and women of discernment. Claibourne Jackson, in Cuba, grins at me over his palm-leaf fan and mint julep—sitting on the screened piazza of his 500-acre plantation. Howard Lloyd (shell-shocked and deafened in the trenches at Arras) shivers and shakes as he huddles with me over his roaring log-fire—way up in Canada. From the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California, our comrades of the idle ear chuckle and chortle whenever Uncle Sam's flunkey deposits a bulky parcel postmarked Trenton, N. J. Everybody welcomes me—in print. (Chances are that

if I appeared in person, the greeting would probably be: "What? You ugly little sawed-off pest, you back again? Beat it, or I'll smack your sassy face!")

Thereby proving Benny Franklin stuttered a mouthful when he said: "Distance lends enchantment."

## THE "NADIO" RADIO

*This "Nadio" is glad, I know, to "radio" you cheer;  
A fad, I owe—but, lad, heigho, when days are dark and drear*

*You'll often muse, when reading news about that dear vacation,*

*On endless fun in Washington with friends from all creation!*

*We were a grand and gallant band; so this, and other, papers*

*Shall tell of ads—lassies and lads—and all their cunning capers.*

*Up to a decade ago.*

## A RECORD-BREAKING SUMMER

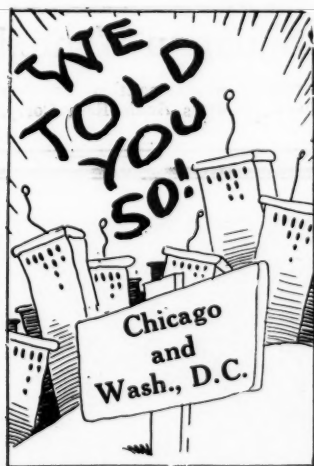
"Silentdom's" summer of 1926 goes down to fame for its two great, big, record-breaking events. First came the Silver Jubilee (25th anniversary) of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, under auspices of Chicago Division No. 1, May 29-30-31. That broke the record for the number of Silents assembling at anything except a National convention—over 1000; the record for attendance at a deaf vaudeville performance—750; for excellence of the vaudeville bill; for sheer splendor of a deaf-directed "smoker"; and for number of fraters "goated"—43. (Philadelphia, 1918, previously held the record with 40.) Five records!

The 15th triennial convention of the National Association of the Deaf, held in Washington, D. C., August 9

Largest amount of publicity of any National convention; least exaggerated and least "freak" publicity; largest number of conventioners attending business sessions (hall always full); heat (it was 98 to 100 three straight days); super-standard of convention headquarters; and banquet-entertainment. Also Washington Division No. 46 wrested from Chicago the "smoker championship" at an expenditure of \$412!

What an array of records—even for the record-breaking age we live in! Editor Edwin Allan Hodgson remarked at the Nad banquet that the average attendance at National conventions is 2000, where it used to be 400 up to a decade ago.

As this issue of the SILENT WORKER will likely carry several pages of timely N. A. D. convention news, the motion before the house is: "Resolved, that that miserable molecule of a broadcaster devote the balance of his meag(h)er space to the Silver Jubilee." Seconded by Francis P. Gibson. Carried with one dissenting voice. The secretary will kindly record that on the minutes.



### THE SILVER JUBILEE

*Sons of the Silence, spurred to action  
Back in the days of your woe and wrong,  
Forming a fertile, forceful faction  
Steadfast and stalwart, staunch and strong—  
Founding the first firm, fine foundation  
Then spreading our gospel, sea to sea,  
Gaze on the growth of your creation!  
Hail to our Silver Jubilee!*

*Deed of the dauntless—deaf but daring!  
By blazing the trail with noble aim,  
Onward and upward ever faring,  
Winning the wide world's wild acclaim,  
Ye have proven our old contention—  
Proven the deaf, man a first-class risk!  
Hail, all hail to our proud convention—  
Old and feeble; or young and brisk.*

*Sons of the Silence, ye who started  
And planted an acorn—now an oak;  
Fostered its growth though oft down hearted,  
Watered and pruned when branches broke;  
Come and join in our joyous chorus,  
Ye who are living it greets in glee;  
Those of our comrades gone before us  
Let us toast at our Jubilee.*

### HOW THE N. F. S. D. STARTED

With flourishes of the foregoing anthem, the Silver Jubilee opened before a crowd of over 500, filling the Silent A. C. auditorium May 29. All four former Grand Presidents of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf were there:

Peter J. Hellers, Detroit, 1901-'03  
Francis P. Gibson, Chicago, 1903-'05  
Jacob J. Kleinhans, Niles, Mich., 1905-'09  
E. Morris Bristol, Flint, Mich., 1909-'12.

Hellers—who holds membership certificate number one—described the preliminary organization of this "school-boy pipe-dream" over 25 years ago, by kids still in the Michigan state school. As "The coming Men of America" it was discussed and planned for several years before the official start—in Flint, June 14, 1901—as the "Fraternal Society of the Deaf." The charter members were thirteen young Michiganders and two Chicagoans—Washington Barrow and Frank Spears. Hellers said: "Jesse Waterman has often been called 'the father of the Frat,' but the fact is he does not deserve much more credit than any of us other pioneers. We simply made him secretary because he was a fluent talker, and could oralize better. At the second convention we needed a more outstanding leader than myself, so we elected as president a man who had joined the F. S. D. that very same day—Francis P. Gibson of Chicago. Two years later Gibson's staunch, lone-wolf stand against grafters, saved the F. S. D. from busting.

Chairman Ernest Craig said: "No man deserves fraternal honors like Gibson—and no man has been knocked as much as same 'Gib'."

Grand Secretary Gibson's speech was brief and pointed. "You have never seen such a large crowd of silents, except at large National conventions. That fact speaks for itself—and for the N. S. F. D. There must be 25 divisions represented here tonight."

Grand Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts—who has since been deservedly re-elected president of the National Association of the Deaf—gave some interesting figures. "We began in 1901 with nothing; reorganized in 1907 with \$3066.50 in assets was \$109,795.10—compare it. We will reach the million dollar mark in assets by December, 1927."

### ORAL DIVISION A SUCCESS

Peter Livshis, president of Chi-Oral-106 (the first all-oral division to be organized anywhere) gave some interesting facts. "Chicago has four oral organizations from which we recruit our members—already familiar with parliamentary work and well-grounded in the practice of lip-reading. Chicago has four public (oral) day schools, with over 300 pupils. Ten years ago there were not six oralists in all fradom; in the past five months we have enrolled exactly two dozen new oral fraters. I have fifty 'live prospects'. One fine membership-source, yet untapped, is the hard-of-hearing—two wealthy and influential members having just joined us. How easy it is to interest the oralists is shown by the fact I personally secured over a dozen members by lip-reading alone."

"That's a fact," rejoined Chairman Craig. "In a few years we may have more oral members than sign-taught fraters. The oral division has proven practical, and Boston, Philadelphia, and Detroit oralists are planning to follow Chicago's lead."

Chicago Oral No. 106 gave No. 1 splendid support in staging the Silver Jubilee, and No. 1 reciprocated in kind.

by donating \$106 to No. 106—by far the largest “christening present” any frat division ever made. Another record broken—making six.

John D. Sullivan—founder of the Silent Athletic Club, in whose magnificent \$65,000 structure the Silver Jubilee was held—gave the N. S. F. D. credit for being the inspiration of the “Sac,” and of numerous other silent successes all over America. “Lead; succeed;—others follow.”

#### OTHER FEATURES

After the foregoing exercise came a closed smoker—Chicago’s greatest in every way. “What price gratitude?” Chairman Horace Perry produced a magnificent live goat, and some grateful goof displayed his appreciation by picking his pocket of \$60. The man under suspicion is not a frat.

Other events of the Silver Jubilee included by far the best silent vaudeville bill ever presented anywhere; two closed frat sessions discussing puzzling problems in informal forum; reception; picnic; games and races; and a wind-up ball at which fully 350 hardy souls had pep enough at the end of three strenuous days to gallivant around. The panorama of the picnic and the photo of Wondra’s four star dancers will appear in the December issue. These oral-taught beauties kept perfect time to the soundless music to “Miss NFSD” (Geraldine Gibbons—photo in December issue.)

#### “WIZZARD” WONRA’S VAUDEVILLE

Over 750 spectators jammed the “Sac” hall in defiance of fire ordinances—the hall is supposed to accommodate 550—and were well rewarded with a sterling vaudeville performance. The opening number was the “Frat Odyssey,” a 40-minute depiction of the birth and struggles of “Miss NFSD.” An all-star cast assisted the “Hunchback of Notta Damm” in futile and fantastic attempts to ruin the career of virtuous and altruistic “Miss NFSD”—played first by 11-year-old Ruth Grange (deaf cousin of Harold “Red” Grange) and then by Miss Geraldine Gibbons. Besides the Wondras and Meaghers, other notables appearing on the bill included Frederick Menken—the deaf father of Miss Helen Menken, Shubert’s noted stage star; Olson, the magician Mrs. Wm. McGann—who starred at the N. A. D. convention with her “Yankee Doodle;” and petite Miss Jean Mack of International Newsreel fame. Miss Mack is the first in the photo of the four dancers.

#### \$1 PAID FOR EVERYTHING

As announced in the press, a \$1 badge admitted free to all the feathers, and the crowd numbered at least 1000. Chairman David J. Padden’s astute management resulted in a profit of \$24 on the Jubilee, receipts and expenses almost balancing around the \$1000 mark. Since Chicago Div. No. 1 expected to go in the hole from \$300 to \$500, the result was pleasantly surprising. As President Ware, of Akron, said: “I got \$10 worth of fun for a \$1 badge. That’s ‘truth in advertising.’”

*A dollar, a dollar, a ten-o’clock-scholar,  
They came to our Jubilee;  
No wrath and no choler awilted their collar—  
They went away in glee.*

#### FEATURES

The goating of Arthur Spears—the son of one of the 15 charter members of the original F. S. D!

The Gibson-Hinch melodrama!

The Magic Carpet of Bagdad!

The mystery of that \$60!

Jean Mack!

\$1!

#### SILVER JUBILEE OF No. 1

As this is written—September 1—announcements are made of the 25th birthday anniversary of Chicago Division No. 1; the May events celebrating the birthday of the N. S. F. D. itself. This takes the form of banquet at the Auditorium Hotel, Saturday night, November 6. Reservations, accompanied by the \$2 per plate, must reach me by November 2, at 5627 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

Station ME (agher) signing-off!

### Situation Wanted

Girls’ Supervisor wants position anywhere east of the Mississippi River. Address Annie Rosa Corry, P. O. Box 98 Tifton, Ga.



*“When winter reigned supreme”  
By Nettie S. Clemens, Herkiner, N. Y.*



## Cleanliness A La Mode

BY HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

There was a time when personal cleanliness and the Saturday night bath were synonymous. Mother prepared a lot of hot water and she and father and the children all took turns at the tub. That was during the "Age of Innocence," before there were huge industrial cities and before we knew much about the germ theory. Nowadays personal cleanliness is a part of what is called "personal hygiene" and includes at least two "thorough" baths a week, teeth brushed twice a day, clean hands before meals, spotless finger nails, and frequent shampoos. It also eliminates one of those ancient customs that still persist in some circles; namely, sewing up the baby and small child in heavy underclothes for the winter.

Modern fastidiousness is not merely a fad, but has the sound backing of scientists. "Cleanliness," so the National Tuberculosis Association tells us, for example, "is an excellent health preservative. The germ of many infectious diseases lodge on the hands, and are easily carried to the mouth where they enter the system. Clean teeth not only help to prevent decay, but also the growth of harmful bacteria in the mouth."

It is timely warning, for this is the season of colds,

grippe and other minor infectious illnesses which may lead to other more serious, if they are neglected. We are also within the months of chilly-bathrooms, when it is an investment in good health to equip oneself with extra heaters in order to make tubbing as pleasurable in December as it is in May.

The nineteenth annual seal sale of 1500 affiliated tuberculosis associations will be held throughout the country in December for the purpose of raising funds for the prevention of tuberculosis and other infectious diseases.

### DR. AND MRS. Mac LACHLAN ENTERTAIN

Sunday, July 25, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. MacLachlan entertained their parents Mr. and Mrs. R. H. MacLachlan, and Mrs. MacLachlan's nephew Mr. Manly Stegeman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stenger, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rheiner wife and daughter Jean Claire, at Dr. MacLachlan's summer home on Grosse Isle.

Motor boating, swimming, ball game, croquet, walks and golf served to while away the hours among pleasant surroundings.

Picnic lunch was served and of course snapshots taken to commemorate the happy gathering.

Later that evening the guests were driven to their homes, tired but vowing never to forget those pleasant memories of fleeting hours.



Mrs. Louis D. Moegle in her costume that won first prize, a \$10 gold piece at the recent mask ball of the St. Louis Division N. F. S. D. The back as well as the front of her dress was profusely decorated with fraternal illustrations and emblems.



Mrs. Andrew R. Flint, winner of first prize

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 39

November, 1926

No. 2

## More Exasperating Delays

We must confess that we were getting a bit nervous over the delays in getting our equipment ready for the work that we had mapped out for the November issue. We had promised, when it appeared to us that everything would be ready so that we could speed up the work in all departments of our print-shop, to get out our regular 48 pages. The indications, however, were misleading. Our engraving department, upon which we depend so much to brighten up The Silent Worker, was not made ready for operation until it was too late to get cuts made for this issue. Consequently, it was necessary for us to go to press without the promised illustrations. However, the photographs intended for this issue will be used in later issues; and there are a good many of them, most of which are of special interest. Subscribers will therefore understand our predicament and will accord us the leniency that is our due. Better times are surely coming and they are already in sight.

## The Jersey School News

The doings of the New Jersey School, which for the past eight years has been published as a "Supplement to the Silent Worker," will no longer be a part of this magazine. The Silent Worker long ago outgrew its school clothes and because of its popularity among the educated deaf in all English speaking countries, yielded to their demands to use the magazine as a medium in which to express their views on topics of general interest to the deaf, as

well as to mirror their successes in the arts, the sciences, and in literature. Naturally the news of the school became dwarfed by the ever increasing demands for space in the Silent Worker from those who had no connection with the New Jersey School for the Deaf. Henceforth what was once known as the "Supplement" will be published as a separate magazine under the name of the "Jersey School News," edited by Tobias Brill, principal. As heretofore, New Jersey subscribers to The Silent Worker will get the school magazine free. Those living outside of the State and desire the Jersey School News will have to pay \$1.00 extra or \$3.00 for both.

## Rev. Dr. James Henry Cloud

In the death of Rev. Dr. James Henry Cloud, announced on another page, the deaf world has lost one of its staunchest champions.

As an educator and as a preacher in the deaf world, he ranked among the best in the profession. As a writer he was profuse and never hesitated to use his pen in the cause of the deaf. Like Theodore Roosevelt he was never afraid to stand by his convictions and nothing could sway him from the path of rectitude.

For a good many years the deceased was on the staff of regular correspondents of The Silent Worker and his pen has contributed much valuable literature concerning the deaf.

The deaf world will miss the Reverent Dr. Cloud and the Silent Worker loses a valuable staff writer. We extend to members of the sorrowing family our deepest sympathy.

## Student Loans

Four years of experimentation in student loans are reviewed in the Annual Report of the Harmon Foundation, the first part of which was made public August 1, 1926. Referring to student help in universities and colleges in the United States this part of the report says:

"Four years of experimentation by the Division of Student Loans leads to the conclusion that scholarship in American universities and colleges should, in most instances, be supplanted by properly administered systems for student loans. Two major results to be obtained from such action are: first, to put students whose eventual earning power will be enhanced as a result of their education in a self-supporting position instead of making them dependent on the semi-charitable practice of scholarships; and, second, to help institutions now running at a deficit to balance their budgets by charging the educated the cost of their training through the medium of deferred tuition obligation. In addition to the above, it is the feeling of the Division of Student Loans that a loan system, administered in accordance with strict business practice and ethics, offers a practical training in business obligations.

Although this Division began lending money to college students in 1922, it was not until July 1, 1924, that the first test of the efficiency of its methods was made. On that date the initial installments of \$10 were due from those who had graduated in 1923. Since then the successful course of repayments has finished the Foundation with conclusive evidence supporting its system of lending on business terms, with personal integrity plus a mutual or group guarantee as the basis of security rather than personal endorsement or other forms of collateral.

A one hundred per cent. response from borrowers was not expected, nor has it been realized. The Foundation did not enter the field of student loans with any happy illusion that all would settle obligation strictly in accordance with agreement. Had there been even a reasonable probability of such a situation there would have been little excuse for this trial of the solvency of student character, and certainly no valid reason for developing in advance the strict follow-up program which has been provided as one of the four essential features of this plan for the administration of loans.

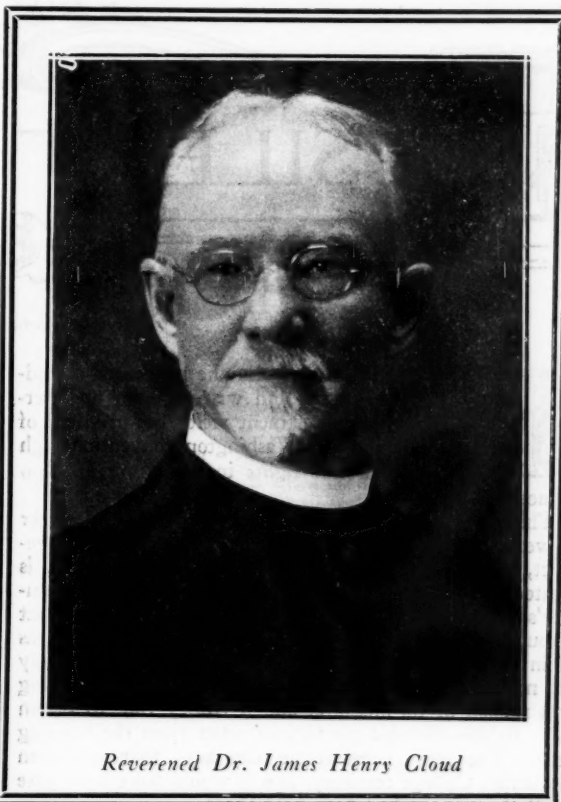
Of 357 borrowers whose payments fell due only two have failed to meet their obligation. It is important to note, however, that in no case has there been a repudiation of the obligation.

One outstanding finding of repayment experience has been the fact that students, or rather college graduates as a class, appear to start out with little conception of the well-recognized practices that obtain in all business relationships. These borrowers are inherently honest, but are not trained to any careful observance of a financial obligation. This has been shown so frequently as to be characteristic, and appears to indicate a very serious weakness in collegiate or pre-collegiate training. In no school where loans have become due has every borrower made such payment on, or within ten days of, its due date; and it has been observed that the colleges whose student body consists largely of those of very limited means make actually the best showing.

The first of each month is the due date for installments, but in far too many cases borrowers seem to feel that if they get their checks in by the fifteenth, thirtieth, or even early the next month they are in good standing. This is, of course, due to an ignorance of business ethics and entails correspondence which should be unnecessary for the reason that, when once reminded, payment is usually forthcoming with an apology for the delay, although there is often a repetition of the negligence the next month.

## Deaf Movie Actor

On page 438, column two, of the June Worker, it says: "We may look long and probably in vain for a film star or even a statellite who is deaf." It is now revealed that there is in the Pan-American Picture Corporation, Havana, Cuba, a deaf man who has been in the game for two years. At present he is starring in moving picture comedies in an American Company in Havana, and is under contract to make a series of six comedies. He signs himself as Tommy Albert and attended the Wright Oral School in New York, but since leaving said school in 1915 he has been attending hearing schools and colleges. We are promised in the near future a write-up of this rising deaf star in filmdom which is bound to interest our readers.



*Reverend Dr. James Henry Cloud*

## Rev. Dr. Cloud Dead

Just as we were about to close our forms for the press word came that the Reverend James Henry Cloud, B.A., M.A., D.D., died early Thursday morning, October 21st, in St. Louis, Mo., after a lingering illness, in the 64th year of his age. Funeral took place on Sunday afternoon in Christ Church Cathedral.

Rev. Dr. Cloud was born April 26, 1862, near Chambersburg, Orange County, Ind. He did not become deaf until 1876, therefore he enjoyed the advantages of a Public School education before becoming an inmate of the Illinois School for the Deaf where he remained four years. This was followed by five years' course of study in Gallaudet College. Still thirsting for a higher education he attended the summer schools of Chautauqua, N. Y., and of Harvard University. Feeling the call of the ministry he took up a six-year private theological course and subsequently became assistant minister of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, Pa. In 1890, he became teacher and principal of the Gallaudet (Public) Day School for the Deaf in St. Louis, Mo., which position he held until 1923, when he resigned to devote all his time to the ministry.

In 1889, the Illinois School sent him to Paris, as a delegate to the First World's Congress of the Deaf. In 1893, he was ordained Priest at Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo., and up the time of his sickness has looked after the spiritual needs of the deaf of the Middle West.

Dr. Cloud, during his life time, was honored with many offices in connection with the deaf, the most important being president of the National Association of the Deaf, serving two terms with great credit.

Dr. Cloud was a member of the editorial staff of the (defunct) *National Exponent*, also the *Silent Success*, and *Silent Churchman*, besides being a staff correspondent of the *SILENT WORKER*.



# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

**T**HOUGH a veteran in the matter of attending conventions, and writing them up afterwards this department yields the privilege of chronicling the Washington convention high lights and side lights to Mr. Sullivan who requested the detail.

The National Association wasn't favored in the matter of weather. In fact, it was treated very badly in this respect, and despite the fact that the weather bureau is located in Washington. Just as winter's cold chills, summer's heat wilts. It was a brave lot of people who sat through the sessions in the scorching heat—heat that was so intense Uncle Sam let his boys and girls work only till noon when they called it a day. Even sight-seeing was robbed of its pleasure, and a trolley ride to Cabin John Bridge afforded the biggest relief from the burning heat. The most comfortable day was that spent on Gallaudet College territory, and it would have been wise if all the sessions had been held there.

There was a big turnout, but the average of sight-seers was far higher than it has been at most conventions. The beauties of the city of Washington are to blame for this. The opening ceremonies were best attended, and marked the high spot of the meeting. But even then, it did not equal the high spot of the Detroit meeting, which was the day on the lake, nor the two heavily underlined events of Atlanta's wonderful meeting—the day at Stone Mountain and the events of the day and evening at the Country Club, the latter being marked by the only tragedy of a meeting of the deaf.

Though there probably were a thousand who took in the meeting, some came after others left.

In the past, the banquet rate has invariably been fixed at \$2 or \$2.50, but the rate at the Williard was \$3.50, and the diners thought the banquet was worth the price.

A lot of us met the old friends who insisted that we tell them who they were. One very nice woman insisted that I ought to remember her, and seemed vexed when I couldn't place her. Finally, she acknowledged we had only met once, and that was the launching of the Virginia Association July 4th, 1891, and I reminded her that that was 34 years ago, and she made me hush.

It was thoughtful of the body to send a telegram of regret to Dr. Cloud and to wish him a speedy return to his old time health. He was the only one of the inveterate veteran quartet not present, and his not being there cut his list to all but three conventions. Two others tie: Mr. Hodgson missed the Atlanta meeting, and Dr. Fox, the California convention, and the fourth member of the quarter who happens to be the present writer, not having joined the ranks of the deaf when the Association was born in 1880, was not at the Cincinnati meeting, and did not attend the California one, so his record stands at "all but two."

I do not think I would care to lecture in the city of Philadelphia, or, for that matter in any other place on a hot night in July, or as far as that goes any July night, but if I did, I wouldn't chose "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" for my subject, and even then I wouldn't choose any but a very live topic to lecture about, which is just brief comment on some one's ineptitude in choosing subjects to interest deaf audiences who are often very brave and very patient when it comes to putting up good money to see a dull subject handled when the same money would buy them a good seat at a good movie show and give them their money's worth.

And, speaking of Philadelphia, there is the much discussed Sesquicentennial show and, as one of those who saw the great Centennial Exposition in 1876, the desire to see the 1926 exhibition was that much greater. Reports of those who had seen it were not very thrilling, and when such a loyal Philadelphian as James S. Reider nonchalantly writes in the *Journal* that, though he lives right in the Quaker City, he hadn't thought it worth while to go and see "what all the shootin' was for," I could not hold back any longer and ran down there myself, and while I do not want to throw cold water on the enterprise, I think we (meaning New Yorkers collectively) offer a better show in our Coney Island.

Before we went to the "Sesqui," our little party went out to Mt. Airy, which as Kipling says is another story, but more than worth while in the narration I think because years and years ago when business took me to Mt. Airy frequently, I met and became very fond of two young fellows connected with the school. One of them is the now dignified head of the Lexington Ave. School, Dr. Harris Taylor, but this present reminiscence has to do with the other one, a young man just out of Gettysburg College, who was so much of a "kid" that Dr. Crouter on first seeing him called him "boy," and boy he was, and when he first had the job of supervisor offered him, he wasn't inclined to accept it. On one of my visits, we were in Dr. Taylor's room and he was busy packing up, or, unpacking his Knight of Pythias uniform, and while I don't know what brought the remark out, I told young Mr. Elbert A. Gruver that some day I'd be out to Mt. Airy and greet him when he had become head of the school, and he laughed at that.

BUT, about thirty-five years after, to wit: on the 19th day of September, 1926, it was my rare pleasure to walk into his office and greet him with: "Well, Elbert, if I ain't nothing else, I'm some prophet," and without noticing my bad grammar, he had to acknowledge I was for I had not let him forget, and it took around ten years as head of the 67th St. School, and another decade as Rome's executive, and then six years out in Iowa, and here, on this September morn, he was wearing the Crouter mantle with every prospect of duplicating the record of his illustrious predecessor.

After this gratifying little "I told you so," which was a long time in realization, Mr. Gruver put our little party on the train at Allen's Lane and we were off for the "Sesqui," with a brief stop to note the fallen dignity of what at one time was the Pennsylvania Railroad's great Broad Street terminal, now dwarfed by the time-saving North and West Philadelphia stations which Broad Street furnishes the shuttle trains for to connect with the main line expresses. In days ago, all P. R. R. trains made the Broad Street station.

Plenty of buses whisk visitors from this point to the "Sesqui" in twenty minutes, when the broad open spaces of the exhibition come in view. Broad open spaces is right, for that's what's most. To a seasoned old party like myself, who has had the joy of reveling in the great show a half a century ago, and also the Chicago, St. Louis and Buffalo Expositions, the "Sesqui" simply isn't in the World's Fair class. The day I was there most of the visitors were interested in, (I hate to tell it, but our party shared this interest,) watching the carpenters putting the finishing touches to the great amphitheatre in which a few days later the eminent Mr. Dempsey and the distinguished Mr. Tunney were to have their famous two million dollar debate. We sat down in the last row, a great distance from the ring, and watched, with great interest, the work of a thousand carpenters putting in wooden seats to accommodate the vast crowd these two fight artists were to attract.

If you have never had the joy of a real exposition, go and see this one, which approximates, in vastness of extent only, the big shows of the past fifty years.

When you get tired, ride around on a party car, on which a ten cent fare is announced, and try to select a car whose conductor is not absentminded enough to collect fares twice and try for a third time at the exciting little game.

Seriously, though, there was a lot we did not see, and no one who can, and certainly no Philadelphian, and most of all, surely not Mr. Reider, should miss it, but if they should, they will find consolation in our (meaning, as before, New Yorkers) Coney Island, with its Luna, its Steeplechase and its Surf Avenue line of "Museums" makes for a show of its own, and then it has a great board walk on the great Atlantic ocean, and the "Sesqui" does not boast of such things.

Well! Here is a school principal advising his deaf charges not to go to college, which also advertises that though he is principal of a school for the deaf he has a lot to learn about the after life of deaf pupils, who, by college training have profited hugely, and in every acquisition of knowledge. I have had a good opportunity to meet deaf people from all types of schools, and of all types of mentality, and with rare exceptions those with college training have profited, hugely, and in every aspect, and to such an extent that it makes one regret that all schools for the deaf are not obliged to finish off the educational career of their charges with a college training, if the pupil's mentality justifies it, and that would require that Gallaudet College be enlarged, or that a similar institution for higher learning be established in the West.

When one stops to consider what Gallaudet College has accomplished for American deaf men and women, one wonders how a principal of a school for the deaf can so completely ignore the blessings of the great work wrought on Kendall Green.

And the other day, we read of an announcement that the head of a great school for the deaf is going to be boss there, after ten years' toleration of an official under

his direction who ran that school to suit her own narrow ideas for ten years.

Having just stated the bare fact, the reader can write his own headline, and draw his (or her) own moral.

In Prof. Winfield Runde's "Here and There" department of the *California News*, it is stated that there is to be an International Congress of the Deaf, in Algeria. The Boston "Frats" want the Fraternal Society's conclave of 1930 to be held in their city, and are going to push the project at the convention in Denver next year, and now they can add, as an attraction, a special steamship sailing out of Boston Harbor direct for the meeting in Northern Africa.

Looking over the directory of names of pupils attending the Alabama School for the Deaf, I was struck with the number of names duplicated and triplicated, that is, brothers and sisters. Bro. MacFarlane might tell the world, through the *Messenger*, just how many such cases there are at his school, and why, if known, there are so many children of the same family.

Once more, speaking of patronymics, as we sometimes do, here are the names of some of the pupils of Miss Starr's class in the Utah School:

Fern Player  
Knola Weight  
Melvin Unthank  
Gerry Meenderink

Well, here is one thing I can qualify as an expert in; the clipping is from the *Iowa Hawkeye*:

"While taking group pictures of the pupil of this school, Photographer Kohara remarked that the deaf were much easier to handle in groups than the pupils of hearing schools, according to his experience. The latter, he said, invariably kill a lot of time 'fooling around,' talking too much, and in general doing all they can to create d'sorder."

Applesauce!

My Iowa fellow-craftsman is ladling out taffy in the above statement, for, believe me, I know, having made hundreds of group photographs of both deaf and hearing subjects, and a big group of deaf people is a tough proposition when it comes to grouping them and giving directions and getting them to the "still" point, while, with a group of hearing people, one can stand beside his instrument and call out what he is after, and every one will hear, where, if the subjects are deaf people, the instructions must be given over and over. Where it comes to photographing a single person, the deaf "sitter" tries harder, and maintains the pose longer and better than a hearing one does, for the deaf person is never quite sure when the moment of exposure of the plate comes, or its duration. Then, when the subject can hear, he relaxes the moment the plate is exposed, while the deaf one, not sure of the length of exposure, holds the pose longer, with results usually better, for I have found that when I am portraying deaf people, they concentrate interest on the subject at hand, that is, helping the photographer, where hearing subjects are posed all right, but their minds are on the stock market, or whatever interests them most.

While I have seen many types of alarm signals, that is, devices that tell deaf people when the door bell rings, until very recently I never owned one, perhaps because being the only deaf member of the household, and some hearing person generally at home to answer the summons, periods when I was the sole occupant of the home were rare, and when these came about it was easy to leave the

door ajar. However, it came about that I decided I wanted to be independent in the matter, and consulting one of the half dozen lay experts hereabouts, I had a two-light signal installed that cost almost nothing and gave me a new joy in life for, in all these years where the door bell has been concerned, I have been totally deaf where I did not need to be, and though having witnessed the operation of these signals in the home of other deaf people, I did not come to realize the added interest to home life that they afford till I had one of my own. In the short time that this new joy has been in service a telegram came at midnight, and a special delivery at seven in the morning, neither of which I would have known anything about under the old order of things. My device is not patented, and is as simple as can be. When the door bell rings, two lights in different rooms are turned on and a simple throw back cuts them off immediately after they have served their purposes, and a switch will throw the mechanism out of service when you go out of an evening and on your return will tell at once if the bell has rung in your absence. I do not understand why I have been so carelessly negligent all these years in not having this great help.

### Resolutions of Respect

WHEREAS, In the order of His Divine Providence, God has seen fit to remove our beloved missionary, Rev. Clarence W. Charles from our midst, by the hand of death and our hearts have been deeply moved thereby: therefore, be it

*Resolved,* That in his untimely departure we have lost one of natures noblemen, a generous friend, a genial companion, a man of true and honest purpose, of pure mind, of sound judgment, prompt in action, faithful in matters

of trust, an earnest Christian worker, and an ardent lover of his creed and his fellow man.

*Resolved,* That we treasure the memory of his unsullied Christian life, his wise counsels, his faithful warnings and this unflagging zeal for the cause of Christ, be it further

*Resolved,* That from the manner of his life among us, and from the positive character of his Christian experience and testimony shown when he preached the last time, we are fully persuaded that our loss is his eternal gain and that while we are mourning on earth, he is rejoicing in his heavenly reward. Be it further

*Resolved,* That we deeply sympathize with the widow and children who have been called to part with their chief earthly counsellor and support, and that we earnestly beseech the Father in Heaven to grant them the consolation they so much need and which he alone can give, be it also

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions (suitably engrossed) be given to the family of the deceased, that they also be published in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, *SILENT WORKER*, *Ohio Chronicle*, *Michigan Mirror* and other appropriate publications, and recorded on the minutes of our mission.

#### Committee:

ALBERT C. BUXTON, *Chairman*  
ROBERT V. JONES  
OTTO W. BUBY

Adopted unanimously by the members of the *Ephpatha* Mission of the Deaf, (located at St. John's P. E. Church, Detroit, Mich.) on the 10th of October, 1926, at a special meeting.

### AN IMPORTANT LOSS

It was his first motor car and it was her first ride in one. Accordingly, both had looked forward to this particular afternoon for some time previously. Everything went quite well until the return journey; then things began to happen.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the young man.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The engine's missing again," he replied between set teeth.

She looked appropriately distressed.

"Good gracious!" she cried in consternation. "Where did we drop it?"—*Copper Weekly*.



Miss Foussadier, of Brooklyn, N. Y.



Art Needlework by Miss Foussadier, of Brooklyn, N.Y.



# Windy City Observation

By THOMAS O. GRAY



RE THE vast majority of our little innocent looking tots sent to the schools for the deaf throughout the country well taken care of—that is, readily and willingly educated to their advantage regarding development on lines congenial to their chances for success in making a name for themselves? This question has been universally asked since there is a wide diversion in the method of instruction employed twenty years ago and present systems. Have you and I jeopardized their chances by neglecting to take an interest in our Alma Mater after leaving school? By stating "You and I," I mean the alumni of the various schools for the deaf. Including the recently established departments for the education of the deaf in many of the public schools much has been said about the best practical method, though questionable in some parts it has become universally standardized. The general opinion, that is the governing hand, comes from intramural decisions rendered by a convention of instructors of the deaf, and generally speaking this method does in no way carry weight with the vast number of problems these pupils must face when they finish their school-room work.

Present day methods employed are a radical departure from systems used twenty years ago. The world has changed so much in its mad rush that the tendency nowadays is to increase the recreation and diminish the hours of study. Athletics have been given more prominence than ever before. But we see much more efficiency in the curriculum of the past, because a general survey of the educational census shows graduates of our state schools for the deaf who completed their study twenty or more years ago were more successful in combating examinations for entrance to institutions of higher learning than those of today. The graduates of this radical system lose much of their confidence, becoming discouraged and at the least disappointment, abandoning their original intention of acquiring a higher education. Though a great many are successful in passing the required marks they find the work harder than their elementary training provided. Sticktoitiveness is not present enough to carry them over the "bumps" usually found in higher learning. Consequently, a decision to gamble with their existence by accepting a position in some industrial institution, depending upon their ability and personality to hang on until proficiency in reached.

But on the whole, opportunities are more numerous for the present day student, whether he desires to earn a good education or not. For, aside from our state schools catering to the deaf, there have sprung up many technical schools with departments set aside for the exclusive use of the deaf or hard of hearing. Hitherto such children have been practically ignored. These schools have special teachers set aside for the sole purpose of assisting the deaf who, by dint of extraordinary diligence, have been successful in graduating from the high school course. Sometimes a case comes up of a brilliant pupil who had no trouble tackling the elementary studies, but on entering high school he found it too tough slogging and finally leaves school. Is this an indication of lack of punch in the method of present day instruction? It certainly is. If it was not, this pupil would have learned enough to realize that these obstacles were thrown in his way to test his mettle. Were he confronted with only two avenues

of escape, one to face starvation and the other to get an education, the chances are he most certainly would decide to get an education.

The alumni of the great universities never cease to continue their affectionate remembrances of their alma mater. Indirectly, their loyalty is unquestionable, for whenever questions arise over the value of systems advanced for improving the curriculum, their influence is felt in the decisions favorable or unfavorable to the question. Why do not the alumni of the state schools unite to demand a voice in prescribing instruction for the deaf? Isn't it a fact that if we were to jealously guard the destinities of our younger brothers their chances of getting a fitting education would be very bright. Keeping schools for the deaf free from the encroachments of retrogression and out of the hands of political supervision will immensely aid the younger generation in their struggle to attain excellence. Education is just the sort of implement, or tool, that happened to be exactly a silent instructor on whatever you choose to do. Without it you would be unable to perform the work satisfactorily. It leads you to do the right thing and at the right time, and it is the best antidote for ignorance. The educated person always finds contentment, not in money but in mind. All great achievements can be traced to small beginnings and the door of success can not be entered unless one worked and waited and overcome.

Therefore it is up to the alumni of the schools for the deaf to join into a group to present the outside side of instruction. Their own personal experience can be depended on to solve this side of the point, while the inside can be ably handled by instructors gifted with years of conscientious toil within the schools. Decisions rendered by this union of alumni and instructors no doubt would show a much better plan in teaching the deaf. One in which graduates will find does not end at the institution. His knowledge will lead him to an understanding with conditions beyond the school.

Learning the various trades taught at school often is said to have instilled into the pupil belief the same work is being done outside and in the same way. This is all wrong for there are a vast difference in the great industrial systems than is taught at school. Only special necessities arising over the operating of an institution are attended to in instructing pupils, while the big industries constantly search for ways to reduce cost of production. The school shops show a very plain machine for such work, but those used in the manufacture of all kinds of goods sold here and abroad are so intricate that a pupil leaving school will find he has to start another apprenticeship lasting nearly four years before he has mastered the mechanism and delicate instruments connected with its operation. This waste of time can be eliminated by the co-operation of the above two bodies in joint session. The ravages of modern fanaticism is beginning to be felt in our educational centers with radical registration on the increase.

The unfortunate accident of one of Chicago's deaf motorists will certainly revive the activities of opponents against the issuance of licenses to operate automobiles. The 234th victim killed so far in Cook county was a deaf-mute. In driving his own car he failed to keep a lookout for danger, allowing his mind to wander with the result he drove directly into a moving passenger

train before he realized his dangerous position. He was instantly killed and his car demolished. This should be a warning to others never to let their memory lapse while on the road. Circumstances point to the driver being well acquainted with the road and knew a railroad crossing was in the vicinity, but distraction got the better of him with the above result. Deaf drivers of automobiles should always keep in mind the fact that they are driving the car and not sitting in a chair. When one meets with such an accident it jeopardizes the chance others have of retaining their licenses. As I have it, this person was Mr. Knuleck, a member of the congregation of Our Savior's Lutheran Church, and was on his way to meet his wife when the accident occurred. This is another proof that distraction is concentration's deadliest foe.

### Types of Children of Deaf Parents



*Dorothy Fraser, five years old granddaughter of Mrs. Ella B. Lloyd, Trenton, N. J. The father and mother of this bright little girl were formerly connected with the Vaucouver, Wash., School for Deaf, the former as Steward and the latter as grade teacher.*



*A. L. Pach Photo  
Alfred and Jean Lubin, children of Mr. and Mrs.  
M. M. Lubin of New York City.*



*Florence May Swank, hearing daughter of  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swank, St. Marys, Ohio*

## Doll Messengers Of Friendship

BY SIDNEY L. GULICK



THE DOLL MESSENGER project announced by the Committee on World Friendship among children of which Mrs. Henry W. Peabody is Chairman, is recommended to the people and children of the United States by the Federal Council of the Churches. This project has a practical significance far deeper than appears on the surface. To see this, one needs to know first of all the fact background in the century old Japanese doll festival known as the Hina Matsuri.

This beautiful festival for exalting the family life and inspiring the daughters with the ideals and habits of home-love and loyalty is universally observed by all families, whatever their social rank. It is perhaps the most attractive of all Japan's interesting national festival days. On this day ancestral doll-treasures are brought out from safe keeping and placed on display with various tiny and typical articles of furniture. The ancient and quaint costumes of the dolls, the revered customs of ancestors, the formal salutations, the receptions and refreshments for neighbors and guests, the details of politeness and courtesy, all lend themselves admirably to sustain interest and to make the three-day festival a valuable asset in the home and in the nation. It gives mothers fine opportunities for instructing their daughters, appealing to the imagination and training the imitative instincts.

The proposal of the Committee (already heartily endorsed by many leading Americans and also by the Japanese Government) is that American children send thousands of American dolls to visit their friends in Japan on Doll Festival Day, March 3, 1927. These visitors from the United States will be heartily welcomed by Japan's girls and mothers. The doll suggested by the Committee is the "Mama Voice" doll. The American dresses will be especially welcomed by the mothers and older sisters, who are now widely adopting western styles of light and airy clothing for their children. The welcome to American dolls will be the more cordial because of the appreciation thus shown in the United States of a the right way to generate mutual appreciation and friendship.

But more important than the goodwill toward America promoted in Japan will be the understanding, appreciation and goodwill for Japan created in the hearts and minds of American children. The doll project is psychologically and pedagogically correct. It begins in beautiful Japanese custom.

This project will help American children to develop an international mind, to look across national and international boundaries and to see something good and beautiful in a foreign land. Exactly this is a paramount need in our day and generation, when the races and nations of the world are being crowded into such close neighborhood by the extraordinary scientific conquest of space and Nature and the developments of universal travel, trade and communication.

This program to get children of different lands into mutual acquaintance is not new. The Junior Red Cross has been remarkably fine work along these lines, as have also various women's foreign mission boards, the Child Welfare Association and other groups, societies and popular magazines. This doll Messenger project, however, is unique in linking the children's world goodwill program with such a national festival as the Hina Matsuri,

and in making the program both nation-wide and simultaneous. This gives it special joy and "pep" and drive. Its dramatic possibilities should be utilized. It stirs the imagination. It makes a powerful sentimental appeal to children and mothers in both lands. The dainty thank-you letters that will surely come back will also help to create interest and understanding. The Committee invites co-operation of all interested in fostering international goodwill in a practical way.

The question is sometimes asked why the Committee has chosen Japan for this gesture of friendship. For 72 years, ever since Commodore Perry opened the door of Japan to the outside world, America has been her sincere friend, taking a special interest in Japan's welfare. During the last decade, however, misunderstandings on both sides have crept in to mar these friendly relations. Japan has felt deeply hurt by a succession of what seemed to her unfriendly acts, and she needs to be reassured and brought to feel that the heart of America is sincere in its friendly desire for her welfare.

The Japanese are peculiarly responsive to any act of friendliness, and the Doll Messengers will enter thousands of homes. On the other hand, thousands of American children and their parents will be thinking and talking about Japan in a friendly way.

American citizens of all ages, especially young people and children in day schools, private schools, Sunday school and individual families, are cordially invited to have a share in this program for friendship.

The Committee (105 East 22nd Street, New York) will welcome leaders in every community to help forward this Peace Makers' Crusade. A beautiful folder on Doll Messengers of Friendship and a leaflet of "Suggestions for Leaders, Parents, Teachers and Workers" will be sent on application.

### THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON BY AIRPLANE AUGUST, 1926

#### Foreword:

His "taking from earth" we most deeply deplore  
For the things which once charmed him will charm  
him no more!  
For awhile he'll "look down" on all earthly things  
And his chest will puff out as one chummy with kings!  
He'll rave of the angeles which he has seen,  
And "stars" that were fairer than any on screen!  
And he'll tell how he saw as he flew past the Gate  
St. Peter dole out to the thousand their fate!  
No longer his pi to his bosom he'll press,  
Nor give his ink bottle a loving caress!  
His wife he'll no longer rate above stars  
For he's fallen in love with a beauty in Mars!  
The engagement of Jupiter also he brings,  
For he saw the display of "encircling" rings!  
Let us hope when he's older and memory has erred  
He'll forget how he soared o'er the earth like a Byrd,  
And love the old things as he loved them of yore.  
Till then we who knew him will know him no more!

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CANDIDATE: "...and may I hope your husband will support me, Mrs. Miff?"

MRS. MIFF: "Support you? Why he ain't supported me for over a year!"



# Two Sketches In Central Africa

By M. B. BULLEY, U. M. C. A.



## I SIILE

FIRST met Siilo, in the course of an afternoon walk to inspect one of the village schools, on the island of Likoma, which stands in the middle of Lake Nyasa in Africa.

She was then about ten years old and came running out to meet the European teacher, who was trudging through the African sand: close at hand the sand was dull enough, but along the lake side it reflected the golden sunlight while the lake shone like a field of turquoise, and the hills beyond, which were rose-pink at dawn, and amethyst in the evening, were emerald in color in the mid-day light.

I was never wearying of wondering at the change of color in the scene from hour to hour, but there was no time to admire the view as I drew near the village, and the children came out to greet me. Skipping, clapping, shouting, they preceded their teacher to the school and Siile was the gayest of them all. I handed her my sunshade and that was a great honor, but she soon handed it back, dived into one of the huts and reappeared with the dinnerbell, which served to call the children to school.

It was her great joy to ring the school bell round the village for Siile was deaf from birth, and could hear no other sound. Her name Siile means "Let her be"—who knows what tragedy may lie behind that name?

But hers was such a bright face; it was easy to believe that her mind was equally bright.

When we entered the school, Siile ranged the little ones in line, and then came and sat by the teacher's side while the Bible lesson took place.

After some time I looked on her as a self-appointed monitress. She was always most particular that the little ones should behave reverently in class; calling my attention to any who were playing at the wrong time. I always wondered what she understood of it, and of the school prayers.

Time went on and Siile's heathen school fellows 'received the cross' that is, they joined a baptismal class, and after due instructions became Christians.

Siile outgrew the joy of bell ringing and I had nothing else to offer her.

On my visit to England I visited an Institute for the Deaf, and enquired as to the possibility of training. But I was told it would cost more than I could afford, both in time and money, and foolishly believed this, and made no more. How changed from the bright child she used to be! She had become a stolid young woman, knowing indeed the hard work of pounding flour and carrying water, but out of touch with all the new life coming into the village with the advent of Christianity and education.

Siile is still alive, and one hopes not beyond the reach of help—certainly not beyond the help of our prayers. And it is in hopes of gaining this help for her and her fellows that I write these words. St. John of Beverley was taught in his boyhood by an African monk; this is surely a reason that his Guild should be interested in the African Deaf.

## II MERCY AND ESAU.

"She does not hear."

This was given as an excuse by a kindly African teacher, when Mercy, a little girl of about eight years old, flatly disobeyed the Missionary's bidding, and refused to sit still for a moment.

In Nyanga, the language spoken by the teacher, 'not to hear', as the regular expression for being disobedient, so the Missionary said firmly, "*Mercy must hear*", signed her to her place and went on with the lesson. Poor little girl—she felt she was in disgrace, but could say nothing, and the lesson time passes.

After school Mercy ran home to Madimpa, one of the little villages on Likoma Island. The next morning, and the next, and the next, no Mercy came to school. So one afternoon the missionary went to enquire. The walk was pleasant enough, but imagine the Missionary's feelings when she discovered that her severity had been exercised on a little girl who had not obeyed because she really did not and could not hear the word of command.

Mercy herself peeped shyly round the corner of the grass thatched hut. Friendly signs from the Missionary brought her a little nearer; and at last Esau, her cousin, a big boy studying at college persuaded her to come and shake hands.

Could nothing be done for Mercy and her African fellow sufferers? The teacher had an idea. Mercy was young enough to learn lip-reading, if anyone could be found to teach her. Not one of the Missionaries, they were all overwhelmed with crowds to be taught and healed and shepherded; but here was Esau, a bright lad, and evidently kindly to his little cousin. The teacher invited the cousins to call on her the next day. Mercy was provided with a handful of brown sugar (there was never any difficulty in persuading her to come for her lessons after this) while Esau was given a slate with a list of ten objects, and told that when Mercy could name any one of these, both teacher and pupil should have a new suit of clothes. This was not a great extravagance; six red handkerchiefs stitched together were put aside for Esau, and a yard or so of bright calico for Mercy.

In a fortnight, the two were back again. The teacher took up a basket, Mercy tried some sound—the teacher shook her head. "Show her some flour," begged Esau, and certainly Mercy's effort sounded something like u-fa, the Nyanga word for tapioca flour, which is the usual food of the islanders.

The Missionary was glad to feel justified in producing the bright "sheeties", and Esau and Mercy ran off to display their prizes, all sunshine and smiles.

And there the story ends for the moment, for the Missionary had to leave Likoma Island, and the lessons have ceased. But we hope the story is 'to be continued', and it is for this reason we ask for your help.

Ten years ago, special prayers were asked for the lepers of Nyasaland; and though their case appeared all but hopeless at that time, those prayers have been answered and many lepers are now on the way to recovery. So now, we ask your prayers for our deaf Africans; and feel sure that as a result, some way will be found of helping them too, in spite of the fewness of workers in that part of the Mission Field.

## COULDN'T FOOL PAT

"That," said the merchant, "is a bird lath."

Don't ye be kiddin' me," grinned Pat. "There's no bird alive that can tell Saturday night from any other.—*Good Hardware.*

# Sixth Biennial Convention of the Texas Association of the Deaf

*Held in Houston, Texas, July 3, 4, and 5, 1926*

By GORDON B. ALLEN



HAT many of the members claim was by far the most enjoyable convention ever held in Texas, was held at Houston, Texas, on July 3, 4, and 5, 1926. Something like four hundred Texas Longhorn Silents, with a sprinkling of outsiders thrown in, gathered in the Bayou City for this Convention.

There were deaf folks from as far north as Akron, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Irvin, having made the trip down in their Chevrolet sedan especially to attend the convention, both being Texas born and Texas bred. Others came from New Orleans, but the biggest bunch were downright Texas Mavaricks, Robert Smith, of Amarillo, being about the longest travelling Texan. His journey from his home to Houston, covers as much distance as from Dallas to Denver.

All during the second of July, visitors kept pouring in the city, and though the convention did not officially open until the 3rd, there were something like 150 visitors present on the night of July 2nd, when an informal reception was given in the basement of the First Baptist Church, where old friends got together and new ones met for the first time. After a night spent in talking over old times, refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served.

## CONVENTION BUSINESS

On Saturday evening, the parade of the frats was staged through the business section of Houston, representatives of New Orleans' Division, Dallas, Fort Worth, and Waco Divisions, and Akron, Ohio, Division paraded down the main streets with appropriate banners, both Houston and Waco Divisions being out with their banners and fuz caps. After the frats came members of the T. A. D., two of the new frats, who hadn't yet been initiated, led two overfed billygoats down the main street, which caused a good deal of merriment in the crowds that watched us go by.

Saturday night, the ladies and non-frats met in the city auditorium, while the frats hiked to Frat Hall, and took part in the initiation ceremonies for 21 frats, the largest single bunch initiated in frat circles in the history of Texas frat divisions. After the business and initiation services of the Frat was over, everyone went to the city auditorium, where refreshments were served, and everyone spent the night talking over old school days.

Sunday morning was spent in the First Baptist church, where members of the Ephphatha Bible Class took part in the morning services. After lunch, an automobile ride to the Sam Houston Park was taken, and a group picture of those present made. Unfortunately, all the visitors did not get in the picture. Some being interested in studying the monkeys at the zoo, possibly trying to figure out if they were going to agree with Darwin or Bryan."

Monday was spent in boat rides down the channel to the San Jacinta battlefield, including picnic and games at Luna Park in the afternoon. The picnic dinner,

composed of fried chicken, Swiss cheese, ham and trimmings, with all the ice cold pop you could swallow; and supper with the same things, and ice cold watermelon, to boot, made it an ideal day.

Athletic contests on the field that afternoon were as follows:

100 Yard Dash for men between ages of 21 to 30.

1st, John Carlson; 2nd, L. Miles.

100 Yard Dash for boys. Ages 15, to 21.

1st, Leander Stuart; 2nd, Virgil Grimes.

100 Yard Backward Race. Ages 15 to 21.

1st, Robert Smith; 2nd, Claude Hensley.

100 Yard Race, Backward. Ages 21 to 30.

1st, L. Miles; 2nd, Grady Ashley.

100 Yard Race, Backwards. Ages 30 to 45.

1st, Tom Gray; 2nd, Ruby Bankhead.

100 Yard Hopping Race. Ages 15 to 21.

1st, Robert Smith; 2nd, Jess Ablan.

100 Yard Hopping Race. Ages 21 to 30.

1st, Grady Ashley; 2nd, Waldo Huber.

100 Yard Hopping Race. Ages 30 to 45.

1st, Osa Hazel; 2nd, Ernest Barnes.

Backward Race, 50 yards for ladies. Over 30 years of age. 1st, Mrs. Moda Munn; 2nd, Mrs. Redmond.

50 Yard Dash. Ladies between 21 and 30.

1st, Mrs. J. J. Miller; 2nd, Mrs. Osa Lee Hazel.

50 Yard Dash. Ladies over 30 years of age.

1st, Mrs. Moda Munn; 2nd, Mrs. L. Morris.

Backward Race. Ladies between 21 and 30 years old.

1st, Mrs. Osa Hazel; 2nd, J. J. Miller.

Throwing Ball.

1st, Allan Williams; 2nd, Ruby Bankhead.

100 Yard Dash. Men between 30 and 45.

1st, Ruby Bankhead; 2nd, Osa Hazel.

Tug of War between Northern Texas Deaf folks composed of Waco, Dallas, and Ft. Worth, and Southern Deaf folk, from Houston, Austin, and San Antonio, won by the North Texas Gang.

July 3.

The convention was called to order by R. C. Morriss, chairman of the local committee, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., in the city auditorium, president W. M. Davis presiding, and secy-treasurer Troy E. Hill recording.

The invocation was given by Rev. A. O. Wilson, of Ft. Worth, Texas, past president of the T. A. D., which was interpreted by Mr. Buchanan, principal of the Texas School for the Deaf, for the benefit of the hearing people present.

The Convention was then officially welcomed to the Bayou City, by Mayor Pro. Tem. Hon. H. A. Halverton, and Acting Judge Spencer, of Houston. The speakers were introduced by Mr. Morriss of the local committee, and their talks were interpreted by Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. W. K. Gibson, of Dallas, Texas, gave the Response to the addresses of welcome, which was also interpreted by Mr. Buchanan.

Song: "Columbia The Gem of the Ocean," was rendered in signs by Mesdames R. C. Morriss, A. S. Lee, and Fred Artz. The three ladies were beautifully clothed in red, white and blue, and their rendition of this famous song was indeed beautiful to behold. The song was recited by Mr. Buchanan orally.

Rev. O. A. Wilson, past president of the association, delivered an address, which was well received.

Mrs. A. S. Courrege recited the song "America," in signs. Mrs. Courrege's rendition of this song was without doubt the most graceful and beautifully signed song it has ever been the pleasure of the Texas Deaf folks to witness, and her signing was well applauded when she finished.

Rev. O. A. Wilson's appeal for a contribution to a fund to buy a new typewriter for Miss Ruby Rice, the blind, deaf girl, who resides in Cleburne, was well received, and the members donated \$19.40 to the fund.

Announcements of the program for the afternoon and night of Saturday, and for Sunday and Monday, were then given by Mr. R. C. Morriss, chairman of the local committee.

#### *Afternoon Session, July 3.*

President W. M. Davis presiding, and Troy E. Hill, secretary-treasurer, recording.

President W. M. Davis gave his address, which consisted of comparison of the T. A. D. today with that of the past. The original T. A. D. having been organized in 1892, making it 34 years old. The need of a home for the old and feeble deaf folk was brought to our attention by the president, and the need to be on our guard against unjust laws barring deaf folk from driving cars, was also stressed.

The president then proceeded to pick the committees. Committee on general resolutions: Harvey L. Ford, of Waco; R. C. Morriss, and Mrs. R. C. Morriss, of Houston; committee on thanks: R. M. Rives, of Austin; Gayle Sutherland, of Waco, and Mrs. Albert Janap, of Temple; committee to audit treasurer's accounts, R. L. Davis, of Austin, W. K. Gibson, of Dallas, and Mrs. Sol. Burchardt, of Houston. Mrs. Burchardt was later replaced by Mrs. C. L. Talbot, of Dallas.

On motion of Mr. Rives, the minutes of the last convention were tabled and not read.

No unfinished business was brought up for consideration of the convention.

The treasurer's report was accepted on approval of the auditing committee.

Prof. Robert M. Rives moved that a committee be appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws, and to re-write same and report at the next convention. Motion seconded by H. L. Ford and passed upon vote President appointed W. M. Davis, H. L. Ford and R. L. Davis as committee to revise the laws and report back to the next convention.

Prof. Robt. M. Rives moved that the meetings of the Association be held triennially, instead of biennially. Mr. Gibson seconded the motion, which after much discussion, pro and con, failed to pass.

Prof. Robert M. Rives moved that the convention of the Association be held in the large cities, such as San Antonio, Fort Worth, Galveston, Waco, Austin, Dallas, or Houston. Failed to pass.

Mr. Tom Jackson moved that a committee be appointed to be on the lookout for any new laws that might discriminate against the deaf, at all times, be appointed. Gordon Allen seconded the motion, which was voted upon and passed: President to pick committee consisting of members who reside in Austin and can easily go to capitol to see members of the legislature at times when necessary.

Mr. Tablot, of Dallas, moved that the dues of the Association be charged from \$.50 per convention to \$1.00 per convention. Mr. Rives seconded the motion which passed with large majority. This to become effective at the next biennial convention.

Mr. Tablot moved that the officers of secretary and treasurer be again separated, these offices having been combined at the Denton convention. Motion seconded by Mr. Younkin, also of Dallas, but after the present secretary and treasurer had been called upon for a talk on the matter, it was voted to leave these two offices combined.

Mr. Gibson, of Dallas, moved that the convention actively fight for the establishment of a separate school for the deaf in North Texas. Mr. Younkin seconded the motion, but after much discussion the motion failed to pass.

Gordon B. Allen moved that the convention nominate someone to attend the N. A. D. convention and gather facts in our fight against any laws to bar the deaf from driving cars. Failed to pass, on account of the low funds of the Association.

Robert M. Rives moved that voting of officers be undertaken. Seconded by Mr. Tablot and passed.

Nominations: For president, Clifton Tablot nominated R. C. Morriss, of Houston; R. L. Davis seconding. He was elected by acclamation.

Jack Miller nominated Harvey Ford for first vice president. Mr. Ford was elected by acclamation.

Troy Hill nominated Mrs. Albert Janak, of Temple; Robert L. Davis nominated W. K. Gibson, and Tom Jackson nominated Jack Miller for second vice president. Jack Miller was elected.

Harvey L. Ford nominated Troy Hill for re-election as treasurer and secretary, and Mrs. C. L. Tablot nominated W. K. Gibson as secretary-treasurer. Mr. R. L. Davis seconded Hill, and J. Burchardt seconded Gibson. Vote was 42 to 20 in favor of Mr. Hill.

The committee on general resolutions handed in their report, which follows:

#### RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, The Texas School for the Deaf has shown great improvement under the present head, Mr. T. M. Scott, and

WHEREAS, The said T. M. Scott has shown that he has the welfare of the deaf children at heart, and

WHEREAS, The said T. M. Scott favors the combined system of instruction; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Texas Association of the Deaf in convention assembled, endorse Mr. Scott's administration in all respects, and pledge him our co-operation and support in his endeavor to better the School.

WHEREAS, The State School for the Deaf in Austin is filled to its capacity and a large number of deaf children, who should be in school, are being deprived of an opportunity to get an education through lack of room and other facilities; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the Texas Association of the Deaf respectfully requests the Legislature to take steps to enlarge the school and its facilities, so as to give every deaf child in the state, of scholastic age, the chance to secure an education and learn a trade to the end that all may become useful self-supporting citizens.

WHEREAS, The salaries paid the teachers in the Texas School for the Deaf are very small, and in fact among the poorest salaries for this kind of work in the United States, be it

*Resolved*, That the Texas Association of the Deaf respectfully requests the legislature to increase the



salaries paid the teachers until they reach a standard in proportion with the salaries paid teachers in the other schools for the deaf over the United States.

WHEREAS, A fund is began raised all over the U. S. to build a memorial building at Gallaudet College, in honor of Edward M. Gallaudet, and

WHEREAS, Our State quota is \$1,672.00, and most of it having been raised,

*Resolved,* That we, in convention assembled, heartily endorse the effort to raise the quota, and urge our members to help as much as possible.

WHEREAS, On account of the growing number of motor vehicle accidents on the highways of the State, there is a growing demand for highway regulations by the State legislature, affecting the drivers of such motor vehicles.

WHEREAS, There is a possibility that uninformed members of the legislature may be led into the some unjustifiable and uncalled for course adopted by two or three other states in barring the deaf from operating such motor vehicles, and

WHEREAS, A large majority of us are drivers of motor vehicles and know by personal experience that there are far less number of accidents and infractions of the traffic laws among us in proportion to the population than among the hearing; therefore, be it

*Resolved,* That the Texas Association of the Deaf, in convention assembled in the City of Houston, Texas, July 3, 4, and 5, 1926, earnestly protests against any such law or regulation that would bar the deaf of the state from using the highways in the same manner as other law abiding, taxpaying citizens.

*Committee on General Resolutions:*

MRS. R. C. MORRIS.

HARRY L. FORD,

R. C. MORRIS,

(Provided, however, that these resolutions shall be placed on file with the secretary and shall only be used or made public in the event such an attempt to debar the deaf from operating motor cars shall be made.)

RESOLUTION OF THANKS

WHEREAS, This, the Sixth Biennial Convention of the Texas Association of the Deaf, has been a very successful and pleasant one, in behalf of the said Association we wish to thank those who, by their services, helped to make the meeting such a success, therefore, be it

*Resolved,* That we express our heartfelt thanks to the local committee, especially Messrs. R. C. Morris and Jack Miller, for their whole-hearted and patient efforts, to see to it that one and all present during the convention were royally entertained; to Commissioners A. H. Halverton and H. H. Spencer, for their words of welcome; Miss Lillian Fitzgerald, of Houston, and Mr. A. P. Buchanan, of Austin, for their kindness in acting as interpreters; the city officials for the use of the city auditorium; the members of the First Baptist Church for the reception which was given us, and the said church for transportation for our members; Rev. A. O. Wilson, for ministerial service; the Chamber of Commerce for the boat trip to and from the San Jacinto battlefield, and any and every person who may have contributed in any manner to our pleasure and comfort during the meetings.

*Committee:*

R. M. RIVES,

MRS. A. JANAK,

GAYLE SUTHERLAND.

A DAY WITH THE DEAF OF CEYLON

I AM writing of the Deaf at the C.E.Z.M.S. School at Mount Lavinia and I am writing to those of whom it was once said, "Having eyes they see not, ears and they hear not" (writes the woman correspondent in the *Ceylon Observer*). Because despite the wonderful work that is being done in their midst and the support given by a generous few, there are still too many in the island—and particularly in Colombo—who are blind to the needs of these people and deaf to call for assistance.

Situated close to the main road between Mount Lavinia and Angulana and set in six acres of ground so generously provided by Mr. A. J. R. de Soya, the school exterior presents a smiling promise that is more than justified within.

The visitor who goes reluctantly, fearing scenes of too great pathos, finds it hard indeed to tear away from the sight of the laughing, happy children, busy and eager to work and play.

For anyone who has never studied the work of the Deaf Schools, here or elsewhere, there awaits an experience of absorbing interest.

The deaf are taught to lip-read and do so with amazing rapidity. Though the teacher naturally emphasize their words in speaking, the more advanced scholars can read the questions of any casual visitor and, furthermore, can answer them intelligently.

Those not so far advanced can point out any articles mentioned, fulfill various orders and make a very passable attempt at speaking.

Beginners are taught with infinite patience, by means of sight and touch. The earliest lesson is in labials as f, p, b, and dentals t, d, etc., the child watching their effect on a small strip of paper held before the teacher's mouth and faithfully producing the sound when it comes to his turn. If he fails to reproduce a certain sound, his hand is laid on the cheek or mouth of the teacher, and the sensitive fingers transferred to his own small face to show him first what was needed.

Weaving, basket-making, carpentering, tailoring, and gardening are among the occupations of the deaf boys while the girls are employed in dressmaking, embroidery, lace making and stocking making.

It is not yet sufficiently realised what great efforts the School is making to become self-supporting. The carpentry work, under the supervision of a deaf pupil teacher (self-taught), is well worthy of encouragement, and it would be hard to find more serviceable household clothes, dusters towels, etc., than the weaving school turns out.

At the present time, no funds are available for new buildings, though in addition to the industrial school there is much needed for a kindergarten section and a larger nursery for the babies who are sadly overcrowded, on voluntary subscriptions and the responsibility of feed-

There is also the problem of meeting expenses from one month to another. The institution is entirely dependent on ing and clothing 150 scholars in addition to a hard working staff, and the hundred incidental expenses that inevitably crop up, must of necessity weigh heavy on the worries of the principal, to whom I here pay my tribute of heartiest admiration and respect.

Her's is a noble work, all the more so because it is not sufficiently noticed or supported.

"Even if things are a bit crowded, we can still find room for more," she said smiling, and I should be so obliged to people who could send us the children while they are still small. The work will be twice as hard if those same children come to us in later years. If only they could all come to us in early youth we should work wonders."

It would seem to the eyes of the uninitiated that won-

ders have already been worked, and it must touch the hearts of those who see what is being done. I wish it might also touch the hearts and pockets of those others who have not yet seen, but who read of it to-day.—*British Deaf Times*.

#### MARTIN RAPHAEL MINKLE

Martin Raphael Minkle, of Corning, N. Y., a graduate of the Rome, N. Y., school for the deaf, passed to his reward Friday morning, May 7, 1926. He had been ill for some weeks, but was recuperating. That morning he went to sit on the porch of his home for a while to get the benefit of the warm sunshine. A little later, his wife, going out to consult him about something, found him dead, he having had a sudden attack of neuralgia of the heart.

Mr. Minkle was born at Strykersville, N. Y., in 1856, and was one of the first pupils of the Rome school. Soon after graduating from school he started a printing office in Rome and, in collaboration with some of the teachers of the school, founded the *Deaf-Mutes' Register*. This printing office and the paper were subsequently taken over by the school, and Mr. Minkle moved to Corning, N. Y. In Corning, he saw the need of a good shoe shop and started one. The business grew and prospered until at the time of his death he had an up-to-date shop equipped with the latest labor and time saving machines. He was a conscientious workman and always insisted on using the best materials and doing good work.

He was twice married, his first wife being Helen Scott (hearing) who died in 1908. In June, 1910, he married Laura Berry, a graduate of the Rochester school, by whom he had one child, a daughter, now a student in the Corning Free Academy.

The *Corning Evening Leader*, a daily paper, in a rather long obituary notice of Mr. Minkle, says:

"His affliction somewhat hampered his business career but he did not let it hamper his ability to earn a living and be independent. Instead of trading on his affliction, Mr. Minkle struggled against the odds that surrounded him and overcome them with the result that he became one of the most respected citizens of the community. Not asking for pity but only for an opportunity to show that he could do his share of the world's work, he retained his own self-respect and gained the respect and admiration of all those who knew him or heard of his life."

He was a quiet, unassuming man, with an abundance of patience and persistence and plenty of sound common-sense—the kind of man who does things without making a fuss about it. In short, he was a good example of what a deaf man can be and do. He was the president of the Rome Alumni Association for the first two years after its inception, and in 1925 declined election for another term.

The funeral was on May 10, 1926, from Christ Episcopal Church, of which he was a faithful member and loyal communicant, the Rev. George B. Kincaid, the rector, and the Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, Missionary to the deaf, officiating. Messrs. Frank Murray, Morris Knox, Charles Mrsh, William Fitzpatrick, Patrick Quinn, and J. E. Watson (A hearing man, member of the Order of Red-men, to which Mr. Minkle belonged) acted as pallbearers. Interment was in Hope Cemetery, Corning.

#### WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, Secretary of the State Agricultural Bureau, of Duluth, Minn., who had been delivering a series of lectures thruout the East and Middle West last

winter advocating better and more scientific farming, gave an interesting address to about 200 deaf Gotham burghers on the evening of March 20th at the Imperial Hall on Red Hook Lane, in Brooklyn.

Mr. Howard was introduced to the assemblage by Esquire Cosgrove, Pres. of the Brooklyn Branch, No. 3, N. F. S. D. (Native Farm Soil Diggers) and proceeded to deliver his disquisition, "Why Deaf Farmers Should Cooperate," in clear, forceful, understandable signs. Such a masterful dactylogologist was he that the optience was held bound, or else swayed from sobs to laughter at his pleasure. For example there was not a dry eye in the house when he had finished a pathetic account of his earlier vicissitudes.

How, when a mere child, he, fatigued from playing one day in a Minnesota field, went to sleep in a shock of grain and was mistaken by a drunken harvest hand for a sheaf of wheat and thrust head first into a threshing machine, and, before the error was noticed and he could be extricated, his hair and hearing were irrevocably lost to the world forever! Then hardly before the sobs had died down he would have them all laughing fit to kill at some funny joke about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike.

He was certainly a versatile gent and ended his discourse with the following peroration: "...and you, ladies and gentlemen, are the New Amsterdamst bunch of farmers and farmerettes that it has ever been my lot to address," amidst much applause.

Mr. Cosgrove then introduced Mr. Beadell, the prominent turkey and cranberry man of New Jersey, who delivered a few well-chosen remarks anent the increased productivity of the Jersey truck farms now that the truck farmers were allowed to drive trucks. He told how the deaf of N.J. had won the right to drive said trucks and how they had showed a certain old Dillpickle in the N.J. state house where he got off! Mr. Beadell also came in for his share of applause.

A small admission fee to defray the rent of the hall was charged and everyone got more than his money's worth.

We were all glad to meet Mr. Howard and hope he will visit the East more frequently in the future.

#### BIRTHS

March 20, 1926, at Belmar, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Dundon, a 9½ lb boy, named Russel Stephen. Mrs. Dundon was formerly Miss Fannie Brown, of Belmar.

May 4, 1926, at Portland, Oregon, to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooke, a 8 pound girl, named Lillian Leona.

May 21, 1926, at Newark, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. William T. Felts, a girl, named Ruth Elizabeth.

July 31, 1926, at Bolling, Kansas, to Mr. and Mrs. James Buchanan, a boy, named James, Jr.

#### MARRIAGES

June 5, 1926, at Waco, Texas, Frances Virginia Bates and Thomas Sheppard.

June 12, 1926, at Houston, Texas, Miss Weinona Edwards and Mr. Gordon B. Allen.

June 27, 1926, at New York City, Georgette B. Dusauley and Mr. Jules Pierre Rakow.

July 25, 1926, at Scotts bluff, Nebraska, Mabel Mary Johnson and John T. Boatwright. At home Ridge Springs, S. C.

## Chefoo, China.

December 31, 1925.

Dear Friends:—

The 1925-1926 session of the School for the Deaf at Chefoo opened September 1st, under more favorable auspices than usual. Often the deaf children are kept at home until the tall Kaffir corn, known as "gao liang," has been cut, or the sweet potatoes harvested, but this year more than half of our forty-five pupils arrived on time. The others, with one exception, reached school within the month.

During the summer vacation ten pupils, seven girls and three boys, remained at the school; five girls were prevented from going home because of the Shanghai trouble, two boys and two girls are orphans who have no other home and one child was too poor to go home. Fortunately we were able to give the necessary supervision and relieve the native teachers from taking duty during their holidays.

Seven new admissions, four girls and three boys, between the ages of six and twelve years, make the beginners' class the most interesting class which we have ever admitted at one time. As only experienced teachers can be placed in charge of the little children, Mrs. Lan and Mr. Ning are kept very busy teaching speech and lip-reading. While Miss Li Ying Tswen, our first girl graduate, teaches a backward child to trace Chinese picture words in sand or on the slate.

Two new teachers, Miss Djao and Miss Goa, have taken the places made vacant by Miss Li and Miss Wang, who left us in June. Thru the influence of the father of one of our Tsinan pupils, who is a pastor, his sister-in-law has come to study methods for a year. Mrs. Lu plans to open a small school for deaf children in West Shantung after she has had some experience in teaching. The most discouraging feature of our work is the slow way in which teachers from other provinces are taking hold of the problem of teaching the deaf. Much more could be accomplished if Mission schools would open a class for deaf children in connection with a school for hearing children. There are teachers who would be glad to come here for training but who are prevented from doing so by shortage of funds, long distances, civil war, or family reasons. We hope the difficulties will soon be overcome. It is encouraging to have Mrs. Lu with us and it is a joy to witness the quiet efficient way she has of dealing with the children.

The schools at Peking, Moukden, and Hangchow write of progress, tho' it is slow because of financial difficulties. An appeal for funds to assist the young deaf man who is in charge of the Hangchow School was published in *The Deaf-Mute Journal* of New York by the editor who is himself deaf. The appeal brought a generous response from adult deaf and we had the pleasure of forwarding the draft to Hangchow. The letters and reports, which must be written in order to keep special donors interested in giving to this work, takes time and thought. For that reason we are asking, thru the Mission, for aid in securing another trained foreign worker who can assist in training native teachers and relieve us for an occasional visit to other centers of work.

In industrial work we have made a good beginning. Two girls and two boys who were almost ready to leave school took a three months' course at the Silk Culture School during the summer. Thru the kindness of the Silk Commission they received free tuition and board. One of our boys now has work at an out station of the Silk Commission. To sewing, knitting, basket weaving,

and carpentry, we have added weaving belts, and bands such as are commonly used by Chinese men and boys as suspenders, or to bind their trousers in around their ankles. Our aim is to give each child training which will make him a useful member of his family, and a trade which can be carried on at home.

One of the treats given to our deaf children during the Christmas season was made possible by a special gift from deaf children at the Ohio School. They raised the money by giving moving picture shows. After they had paid for their machine they gave one show a month at which a charge was made for admission and the proceeds donated to our work. It was a beautiful thing to do which we appreciate very much. With about half of this gift we purchased a small Pathe machine and thirty films which have education value. The exclamations at our first entertainment proved that everyone enjoyed the pictures, especially those of trained elephants, lions, and "Climbing Mt. Blanc." A Christmas box from friends in Atlanta, Ga., arrived in time to help out in providing gifts for each member of our family, which numbers seventy-two persons, by counting teachers, helpers, and their children who live at the school.

About half of our pupils come from Christian homes. We believe that most of the children, who have been in school several years, are trying to be real Christians. Who can say how many people have been led to accept Christ as their Savior thru the influence of one of our pupils? One of our boys was recently called home to be married wrote: "I read my Bible every day."

An anonymous letter which must have been written by a Chinese business man came to us in November. As it brought us proof that our work is appreciated in the Chinese community. We share the letter with you.

"Dear Miss Carter,

I enclose herewith a money order in Chinese for \$50.00 which I would ask you to kindly accept as a small gift from your brother in the Lord for the use of your school. I also hope our Lord will bless you and your work for His Glory.

Yours in the Lord."

(Signed) A FRIEND.

Gifts from the deaf and their friends in Great Britain and America have kept up during the last two years in a way which has made our heart glad. We need every gift, no matter how small. Each gift brings happiness to a deaf Chinese child. Without your gifts we could not help them. We also need your prayers that more still may be accomplished in the coming year to better the condition of China's deaf children.

With warm thanks for your interest and encouragement in the past.

Yours sincerely,  
ANITA E. CARTER.

### COULDN'T FOOL PAT

"That," said the merchant, "is a bird bath."

"Don't ye be kiddin' me," grinned Pat. "There's no bird alive that can tell Saturday night from any other.— Good Hardware.

Sweet young thing, snorting along the road in a powerful roadster, is pulled in by a motorcycle cop.

"You were making 45 miles an hour; I'll have to pinch you," sez the cop.

"Oh, if you must, do it where it won't show, please," purrs the flap.



tra, too; the swing of the violin bow, the fingering of the cornet and the leader me what I'm to do: the way he grips me marking time with his baton. I feel the vibration of the bass drum on my body. I work barefoot and there's vibration in the stage. There are a dozen little things that help me out, and I don't worry because I'm deaf."—*Collier's Weekly*.

#### SAVED BY A MIRACLE

An extraordinary story of how a deaf man, a peer of the realm was given the power to utter one word, thereby saving many lives, was told by Dr. Kenion, bishop of Bath and Wells, at the dedication of a new home in Bath, England. The peer was a former Lord Carbery and a friend of Dr. Kenion.

"Lord Carbery," said the bishop, was aboard a steamer sailing from Cory to Bistol. A dense fog came on and passengers could see nothing. Even the man was unaware of danger, when Lord Carbery who was sitting in the bow, shouted loudly, "Land!" "It often happens when God deprives man of one sense he increases the power of another. Lord Carbery was able to see that they were making straight for the black mass, and his excitement forced that one word from his lips. 'The captain put the helm round and the vessel just skinned past the southernmost rock of Lundy Island. We all had a most narrow escape and many lives were saved by Lord Carbery's warning.'—*Pathfinder*.

#### DEAF ACTOR'S TRIUMPH NEVER MISSES A CUE

Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, who is the outstanding success of Turgenev's play, "A Month in the Country" at the Royalty Theatre, labors under and triumphs over a physical defect that would prove an insurmountable obstacle to most actors. He is extremely deaf, yet none of his audience are ever made aware of the fact. Mr. Sherbrooke never misses a cue. He is a clever lip reader, and possesses such an amazing memory that he generally knows the parts of the entire company as well as his own. He commands an unrivalled knowledge of stage craft, and it was his success as producer of this Russian play at Oxford that led to its being placed on the boards in London again with Mr. Sherbrooke as producer. Many critics consider him to be one of the finest character actors on the British stage.—*Belfast Telegraph*, July 7, 1926.

#### A SPLENDID SOUVENIR OF THE MEETING OF THE SPEECH ASSOCIATION

at the Lexington Ave. School is the photograph taken on July 4th. In Sepia or Black and White, Post free, \$1.25; De Luxe style, \$1.50.

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# THE DEAF WORLD

## FORD GIVES WATCH TO DEAF YOUNGSTER

Detroit, May 27.—At the conclusion of an old-fashioned dancing party given by Henry Ford to a group of pupils from the School for the Deaf, the automobile magnate noticed Robert Duxbury, six years old, longingly gazing at the Ford watch and chain.

Taking the youngster on his knee, Ford unclasped the timepiece, slipped it into the lad's blouse pocket, and remarked to Robert's teacher: "There! That's his."

Although deaf, Robert pronounced a perfect "thank you" at a sign from the teacher.—*Exchange*.

## EVANGELIZING DEAF-MUTES, WOMAN PASTOR'S MISSION

DALLAS, April 11.—The strangest mission ever given to a mortal is that of the Rev. Mrs. Elsie Peters, her friends think.

For the Rev. Mrs. Peters is carrying the divine gospel to deaf mutes, though not herself a deaf mute. Mrs. Peters believes she may have received from above aid and inspiration in learning the sign language and has used her knowledge to bring the word of God to hundreds who can neither speak nor hear.

The Rev. Mrs. Peters started the fulfillment of her mission by translating into the sign language sermons delivered by other evangelists.

Then she started to deliver in signs her own sermons. She can "speak" extemporaneously with her hands.

She now is conducting a series of revival meetings for deaf-mutes here.

The Rev. Mrs. Peters has been in ministerial work 10 years and is pastor of a church at Wichita Falls, Tex. Her sign sermons have made her the idol of deaf-mutes throughout the state, to whom participation in religious services formerly was closed.—*The State Gazette, Trenton, N. J., April 13, 1926.*

## DEAF MAY HEAR WITH THEIR FINGERS

SAYS PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY OF NORTHWESTERN U.

Washington, April 27.—Teaching the deaf to "hear" through their fingers by the use of a specially constructed telephone receiver was described today to the National Academy of Sciences in session here, by Dr. Robert Gault, professor of psychology at Northwestern university, who predicted it would result in the development of a new art of music for the deaf.

The apparatus used, he said, is a superior phone transmitter, an amplifier which magnifies sound vibration 175

times, and a receiver held in the hand with the finger tips on the diaphragm.

Using such a device, totally deaf persons have been taught in a few weeks to recognize words and sentences without sight of the speaker, Dr. Gault told the academy. Skill in this method soon resulted in thinking in terms of touch as normal persons think in terms of sound. It also has made possible, he said, the appreciation of the rhythm of poetry which could not be sensed by any method of lip-reading.

"When this is added to the reading of the expression the face of the speaker it gives 100 per cent more hearing efficiency than does the lipreading alone," said the speaker, "and it opens the door for the real enjoyment of speech by the deaf. I venture to prophesy the development of some sort of music for the deaf that they may really enjoy."

Soundless sound waves that kill fish were described by Dr. R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University. The waves have a frequency of 100,000 to 400,000 a second and are produced by an electric device. Directed against water they heated the surface, 9 degrees in one minute, killing small fish and worms in less than that time.—*Exchange*.

## LIVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAF

One of our ablest deaf ministers, the Rev. J. H. Kent of New York City, recently visited England, and with a very observant eye looked into the lives of the deaf of England are leading. The Connecticut New Era tells the result of his observations thusly:

He was very much surprised to find that unlike the deaf in our country, the English deaf, with a few exceptions are dependents upon charity. He found many of them in large institutions called homes where they are welcome to stay as long as they desire no matter how young or how old they may be. It was a shock to him to find many intelligent and able bodied men and women performing small menial tasks in these homes in return for their board and lodging.

When he appeared before them in a hall packed full he told them frankly in their own language, the double hand alphabet of the many opportunities for self expression the deaf of this country have by securing positions which make them self supporting. They seemed greatly surprised to be told that the deaf in the United States have homes of their own and even drive automobiles which they owned. Still they could not at first believe it all for it seemed like a strange dream. They had long been reconciled to their state in life, believing that the deaf in the United States

and in other countries were living under the same conditions.

The English deafs' spiritual life is looked after by hearing clergymen who are adept in the double hand alphabet. It is said that one or two every intelligent deaf men having an aptitude for the ministry tried hard to interest these hearing clergymen to send them to a seminary to prepare for that field, but they ridiculed the idea that deaf men could be ordained to the priesthood. It is not necessary to say that Rev. Mr. Kent was not enthusiastically received by these clergymen for they must have sensed the danger that the presence of a deaf minister would probably awaken new lives in their deaf flock and a demand that they have deaf ministers.—*The Pelican*.

## A DEAF DANCING STAR.

After Elsie Wachta went to New York the usual difficulties arose. Back in Chicago she had learned classical dancing, but she had trouble getting a job. At last, in a furnished room in the Fifties, she found herself living on spaghetti—cooked three times a day on a curling iron stove.

When the tip came that a musical show was starting rehearsals on the Century roof, Elsie and Arthur Corey, her partner, applied for a job. The stage director waved them away, but they still hung around, unnoticed, and concocted a plan. Presently there was a lull in the rehearsal. Corey stepped to the center of the stage, and Elsie, having changed quickly to rompers, made a wild leap into his arms. He caught her and she twirled on his shoulders. She hooked a leg around his neck and executed a sensational spin, the climax of their act.

"Fine!" the amazed director exclaimed. "You've got a job!"

But victory wasn't complete. Elsie hadn't explained that she was deaf!

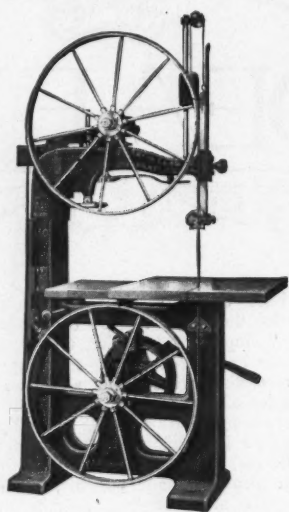
Nobody noticed her defective hearing during rehearsals. She got the tempo from the chorus girls. But on the opening night she was blinded by the blazing spotlights, which previously had been omitted and she could neither see nor hear. The chorus girls, confused, were out of time. She hesitated, half paralyzed. Then she gritted her teeth—and kicked her way gracefully down the steps. She didn't know until the curtain had been raised and lowered half a dozen times for the encores that she'd made a hit.

Corey and Wachta now are featured dancers in musical shows and vaudeville.

"I'm not badly off!" the ninety-two-pound girl explains, "I get the tempo—lots of little things. There's the orches-

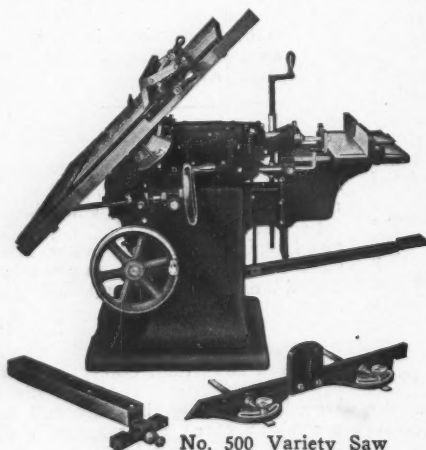
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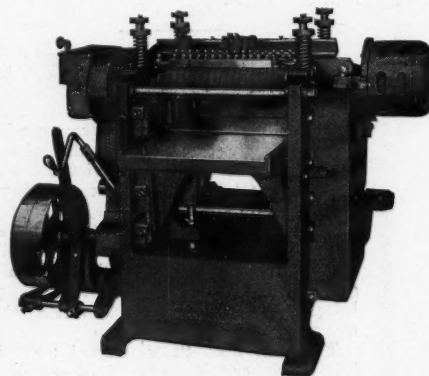
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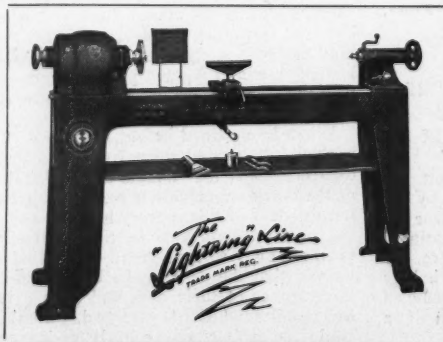
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## The Origin of Thanksgiving



THANKSGIVING was first observed in the United States by the Pilgrims at Plymouth in the fall of 1621 after they had gathered their first harvest. History records that fall festivals were celebrated by the ancients and have been observed with more or less religious significance down through the centuries. It seems to have been instinctive that man should return thanks to his Creator after the harvest.

Our forefathers were Englishmen, who had undoubtedly witnessed the celebration of the harvest festivals of England. It is not strange then that they should appoint a festival of thanksgiving for the bounties which Nature had heaped upon them after their first summer in the new world.

They devoted a week to the occasion. Four hunters, selected by the Governor for their exceptional skill, went into the forest for wild fowl to supply the tables. Feasting, military maneuvers and outdoor games were indulged in for almost a week. They entertained Chief Massasoit and 90 of his tribe for three days. The Indians went out and killed five deer which they presented to Governor Bradford and others in authority.

The tables, presided over by the good housewives, groaned with good things to eat. Sea foods they had in plenty; ducks, geese, venison, partridges and turkeys; barley loaves, Indian meal cakes, wild fruit including plums, peaches and grapes, possibly grape juice and apple cider—and pumpkin pie. Their abundance was unlimited and their gratification unbounded.

In the years which followed, the fortune of the Pilgrims was not always favorable and Thanksgiving was observed with more or less irregularity among the different Colonies. The Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a Thanksgiving Day for the first time in 1630 and frequently thereafter until about 1680 when it became an annual festival in that Colony. Connecticut observed Thanksgiving Day as early as 1639 and annually after 1647, except in 1675. The Dutch in New Netherland appointed a day for giving thanks in 1644 and occasionally thereafter. During the war of Independence the Continental Congress appointed one or more Thanksgiving Days each year except in 1777, each time recommending to the executives of the various States the observance of these days in their States.

President Washington appointed a day of thanksgiving Thursday, November 26th, 1789, and another in 1795. One was annually appointed by the Governor of New York from 1817. In some of the Southern States there was opposition to the observance of such a day on the ground that it was a relic of Puritanic bigotry, but by 1858 proclamations appointing a Day of Thanksgiving were issued by the Governors of 25 States and Territories.

President Lincoln appointed the fourth Thursday of November, 1864, and since that each President has annually followed his example.